Tales of Unusual Sales

NATIONAL SALESMENS
TRAINING ASSOCIATION
CHICAGO, ILL., U. S. A.

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TALES

OF

UNUSUAL SALES

Dedicated to His Majesty

"The American Salesman"

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National Salesmen's Training Association
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

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PREFACE

AFTER reading the contents of this unique book none will deny that it is replete with inspiration, business romance and the thrills that are part and parcel of the profession of selling.

Every story is a tribute to American salesmanship and that dominating spirit, so typically American, of refusing to recognize defeat, no matter what the odds may be.

Salesmen cannot read these stories of unusual sales without feeling glad that they belong to a profession where achievements of this kind are possible. Success is not so much a matter of making money as it is of accomplishing things, of wresting victory in in the face of great odds. There is more of a thrill to gaining the lead on a sales force for the first time than there is to making a million through a lucky speculation.

What can be more exhilarating than making a sale after a hard fight—a fight that demands courage, clear thinking, strategy, persistence and a full measure of salesmanship?

In the unusual sales on these pages that follow, you will find every form of sales resistance battered down by American salesmen. You will read how they did it. Needless to say, you will feel the urge to go and do likewise. Every page is an inspiration. Every page is an education.

PUTTING ONE OVER ON A TARTAR

By A. J. Anderson

I WAS selling Burroughs Adding Machines in Nebraska. Late one gloomy, rainy afternoon, I arrived in a small town in the northwestern part of the state. It was one of those gloomy, depressing sort of days that adversely affects the disposition of any one who lets himself be affected by the weather.

I registered at the hotel and went across the street to the First National Bank. I had been tipped off not to try and do business with anyone but the president, as he was very jealous of his authority.

I went into the bank and asked for the president by name—say it was Smith—which it wasn't. He came out of his private office and up to the rail. I put out my hand and in my pleasantest manner said:

"Mr. Smith, ———— is my name. I represent the Burroughs Adding Machine Company and ————."

That was as far as I got. He burst out, "What do you mean by coming into my bank. One of your men was in here several months ago and I told him to take his machine out and to never let another man in his company come into my bank again."

Needless to say I was thunderstruck and speechless for a moment. Then it flashed through my mind that if I took that I was done for with that man. Also I knew I could not do anything to get myself in worse with him than I was right then. I gathered my wits and my courage together, looked him straight in the eye, and said:

"Mr. Smith, you have a mean disposition. I wouldn't demean myself by talking to a man like you. Good day!" and I walked out of the bank.

When I got back to the hotel, the clerk, whom I had known in another hotel, asked me how I had come out. He had a wise smile as he asked it. I told him of my experience, which gave him a good laugh. He told me this president was notorious as a tartar to handle and said it was too bad but I sure was out of luck. I came right back at him and said, "I'm *going* to sell that man," and this is how I did it.

About two weeks later, I arranged to go to this town and to get in there in the morning. I shipped a machine by express to the town to myself and a stand to put it on. When I got in town, I stopped at the depot—got my machine uncrated, set up on the stand—a roll of paper on it—in fact all ready to pull the handle and start to work. I then went up to the hotel, got my friend the clerk to go over to the bank and find out if the president, Mr. Smith, was in the bank. I then stationed a bell boy in front of the hotel to watch the bank and to give me the sign when I came back if Mr. Smith had gone out.

Then I hired a drayman to go down to the depot with me and get my machine, which was all set up ready to go. I told him, "You drive up the street right behind me. If I go into the bank you take the machine out and bring it in the door just two minutes after I go in. If I get the sign my man has gone out in the meantime, I'll go right by without stopping and you do the same."

I came up the street with the dray right in my wake. The bell boy gave me the sign that my man had not come out. I walked in and asked for Mr. Smith. He came out from his office and up to the rail. It had been a dark afternoon when I was there before and he evidently had not gotten my face in his memory, for he didn't recognize me. I put out my hand and in a bright and cheery tone said:

"Good morning, Mr. Smith. I came in to show you the new Burroughs Adding Machine. I was talking to you about it a few weeks ago." As I was saying these words the drayman walked in and put my machine down beside me and I pulled the handle.

Needless to say he was as much taken back as I had been

when he treated me so coldly on my first visit. He swallowed hard a couple of times, looked me over, and finally laughed.

"Well," he said. "Any salesman with your nerve deserves a hearing. Show me your machine."

I did show him and sold him the machine, but I surely never would have sold that man had I weakened the first time and left, hoping to find him in a better humor some other day.

HANDLING A HARD BOILED ONE

By GEORGE E. GARDNER

I CALLED on an oil producer in Tulsa, who had a competitive machine on trial. I gave him a demonstration on my machine and was requested to leave it with him for a couple of days so he could try it out and also ask his friends, who owned Dalton machines how they liked them. I called back on him again in three days. He said all of his friends advised him to buy a Dalton machine but he said he had made up his mind to purchase the other make. I asked him to tell me why he intended to buy a different machine when all his friends advised him to buy a Dalton. He refused to give me his reason and insisted on my taking my machine away. I was inclined to get peeved at him for treating me in this abrupt manner but I controlled my temper and made up my mind that I would sell him.

He had a young nephew working for him who had just graduated from a business college and had never used our machine. I explained to the customer that I thought it only fair that he give his nephew an opportunity to learn how to use the Dalton machine now while he had one in his office. After considerable persuasion he agreed to let me keep my machine there until I had taught his nephew how to use it but he told me to distinctly understand that he did not intend to buy it. I came right back at him by saying that I never would ask him to buy it. I called at his office a number of times and instructed the nephew until he became an expert touch operator on the Dalton machine. Never happening to run into the proprietor all these times until the last day when I visited the office I found an auditor working on the books and also the owner. When I went in I saw that they were busy and hesitated for a minute; then excused myself for interrupting. The owner bawled out to me to sit down, which I did. After waiting a few minutes, he bawled out to me

again, "I suppose you think it about time I bought the machine." I replied that I had quit thinking and it was up to him to do the thinking now. He waited about ten minutes more, keeping busy on his books, and then bawled at me again and asked me the price of my machine and then began to work on his books again and apparently ignored me. I waited about ten more minutes when he suddenly told his bookkeeper to give me a check for the first payment on the machine. I then asked the customer to please sign a contract which he did and then gave me a check. I thanked him and left. Since then this party has become a great booster for the Dalton and has helped me make a number of sales.

TOOK ADVANTAGE OF AN OPENING

By Alvan Daubenpeck

THE best sale I ever made was an advertising order for a large oil company in Cleveland.

This company had always been buying their advertising from a large concern in that city and was well pleased with this concern's work. I knew it would mean a great deal if I sold this company and decided to sell them if I possibly could.

I found out that their advertising manager was very busy and it would take a good proposition to have him listen to a salesman, so I planned a way that evening. It was this:

My father had a garage, quite large, in a fine location and which would be a desirable place for this oil company to sell their oil and gasoline.

The next day I went to see the advertising manager of this oil company. He was very busy and so I anxiously waited to try out my plan. It was less than an hour, but yet long enough to lose the pep of many salesmen. He finally asked me what I wanted.

I asked for a few minutes of his time as I had a good proposition for him. He said to go ahead with my story and I told him first what I was selling, my best price, and so on, until he interrupted me with, "I am pretty well stocked up."

Immediately I dropped my talk, and in a pleasant way, asked him how business was. He replied that it was very good and told me a few details about his business.

I then mentioned to him that my father had a garage in a fine location and was doing a good business. He asked me what gasoline company he bought gasoline from and I told him the ———— Company, a competitor.

Quickly he decided that if he would deal with me, I would help him to do business with my father. Before he could

speak, I mentioned to him again what a good proposition he was passing up. Of course, I knew he was interested and he asked me the price in a certain quantity. I told him and he said he would take that amount. After he signed the order, he told me to put in a good word for him—which I did.

My father has done business with him ever since—and so have I.

"FOLLOWING THE SCENT"

By Mary I. Lewis

THE best sale I ever made happened some years ago. I was in the advertising and catalogue department of a mid-west wholesale millinery and notion firm.

My department also took care of the routine of filing the mail orders for the house—as well as hustle for them through our catalogues and circulars.

I was always keyed-up to anything that looked like business for us. And to sell an "opening account" was considered an accomplishment to be sought. Our definition of "opening account" was the selling of the first stock to any concern just starting in business.

It happened that a millinery department in a department store in our city vacated its quarters. Indirectly I learned of this. So on my way to lunch I dropped in and sized up the location. It looked good to me! We had never been able to do business with the previous tenants of this department.

I interviewed the manager of the store and inquired the rent. When he told me, $35 per month, I asked for a written option on the space, and obtained it when I told him my firm's name. Had he said $75 I would have taken it just as quick, for it was located next to the ladies' suit section. An ideal location for millinery.

I made a quick job of lunch and hurried back to the wholesale house and had a private interview with our manager.

The advantages of the location, I laid before him and told him I already had an option of ten days on the space. He opened his eyes a bit, at my assurance—I think. For he inquired if I "intended to go into business for myself"? I replied, *"Not just yet."*

Then I laid my plan before him: "Will you let an experienced, thoroughly honest party—some one that you know—have an opening stock of millinery—on time—that is, with-

out any capital—that is, money capital—but plenty of experience?'' He looked at me a little queerly. I continued, ''Say all the cash receipts, except expenses and a fair salary to the party operating the business, is turned over every week —or every day if you wish? You see, I expect the party to have enough cash to pay the first month's rent; the fixtures are already there. A note or notes, drawing a nominal interest is to be signed by the party who gets the stock. I want them to sign these notes—well, because I want the party to realize that the business is *theirs*—and not *ours*. I want them to feel the responsibility of ownership.''

The manager sat still, digesting my proposition, before he inquired, ''Have you anyone in mind, especially, that could or would fill this place?'' I knew then I had won.

''Yes, several,'' I replied—''but I would like to have your opinion as to their adaptability and reliability. There's Miss A and Mrs. B and Miss C. I prefer Miss C because she has been with us a long time—and because she *'sticks.'* She has gone back to the same customers season after season. I don't think she could have a better recommendation. She must be making money for our customers—or they wouldn't want her to return, season after season. Don't see why she couldn't make a good customer for us, if given the chance.''

It was decided that I get in touch with Miss C. The result was that she took up my proposition, with the understanding that I was in a way to back the venture.

The manager was shrewd enough to know that I would get on my mettle, too, and do my ''durndest'' to pull the venture through. And I did.

This in no way interfered with my position in the wholesale house. It gave me a push forward that I didn't expect.

The credit for the merchandise sold to Miss C was placed in a personal sale's account for me. And the first of the year my desk was moved into the ''Main Office''—quite an honor—and the first of the New Year I was instructed to devote my time and energy and whatever selling ingenuity I had in hustling up new trade—or new ways to hold or bring back old customers who had strayed away. And I did.

CONFIDENCE WON

By John E. Rohr

AUTOGRAPHIC REGISTERS are time saving devices used where a duplicate, triplicate or more copies of transactions are required. As a rule, a single demonstration will satisfy the prospective customer that much time is really saved in executing form records, consequently salesmen have become more or less accustomed to look for "Sales Resistance" at any other point of the interview than at the time of the physical demonstration of the device. Therefore, I was considerably surprised to hear one of my prospects tell me that he could just as quickly make a duplicate copy of his records by the use of his pad form, necessitating as it does the location of the pad, and the insertion of carbon paper.

This man was convinced that our automatic device for preparing carbon paper and forms was no quicker than his pad method. Here was a proposition where ordinary methods failed, and if the prospect was not sold on this one point it would be useless to try to go further. The solution of the problem was to go through the physical operation of both methods, consequently I asked if I could inspect one of his pads. Much to my elation and my prospect's embarrassment, he located the pad, after a considerable search, under some papers on his desk. An Autographic Register cannot very easily be lost under a few papers, so one can easily see the advantage I gained by this point. Added to this, I toyed with the pad and carbon until one of those ill winds of proverb fame lifted one of the carbon sheets and blew it on the floor. These two points in addition to a comparison of the physical operation necessary to prepare the carbon and sheets for writing convinced my prospect that after all our proposition possessed some merit.

My prospect, in accordance with that characteristic which prospects sometimes have, was not to be sold so easily. While

he now thought he would adopt an autographic system it appears that a friend of his handles a similar device, and while the friend had never convinced him of the desirability of the device itself, he thought his friend should have a chance at the order. Bearing in mind the friends I believe I possess, I told my prospect his stand was admirable, but after all this was a business proposition and the man who gave him the most for his money was entitled to the business.

I then analyzed his conditions as to size of form necessary, number of copies required and learned much about his record keeping conditions and requirements. Upon leaving I informed him that with the information in my possession I would draw up a system and submit it later for his inspection. He gave me his promise that even though his friend would be invited to offer his proposition that no action would be taken until after my own proposition had been inspected.

Now, most systems similar to the one used by my prospective customer are in triplicate. By a study of the information in my possession I found that conditions and methods of doing business in my prospect's establishment would permit a four-copy set of forms. This fourth copy would save considerable time and many errors because it eliminated the extra work now required in copying each record as written in triplicate.

Again calling on my prospect I found that his friend had submitted his proposition which was the usual stereotyped triplicate system already in use with only the additional advantages of the time-saving device. He did not analyze conditions with the idea of offering something better.

My prospect was interested only in a triplicate system after all, because going more thoroughly into detail, it was found that my four-copy plan was not feasible. However, by studying conditions in attempting to give him the best plan for his requirements, even though the plan would not work out, I proved that I had considered my prospect's interests and had therefore rendered him a service.

Had I been content to offer the ordinary proposition my competitor and myself would have been at practically an

even basis and friendship would have won out. In the first place, I had "sold" my prospect his desire for the device itself, something which his friend had never been able to accomplish. Then because of my study of conditions and my suggestions, even though later found not to be feasible, I had rendered service to my prospect, which my competitor did not. By all the rules of fair selling and buying I was entitled to the business and I did not hesitate to so state. I secured the order.

STAYED WITH HIM UNTIL HE SOLD HIM

By DELBERT E. VEATCH

I HAD a boss once who always said, "Stay with him until you sell him." And at that he was about right; if you don't the other fellow will.

Sometime back I started to work for a retail motor sales company. I was hired to demonstrate machines and teach people how to drive. But at the same time my boss offered me a commission above my salary on all the cars that I could sell or help sell. I was just eighteen years old at that time and I really did not expect to sell any cars.

I thought that my boss, Mr. Brown (we will call him), was a real star salesman. I asked him several times how he sold so many cars and how it was that he could sell to a person that he did not know until he went after him. He just said, "Go after him and stay with him until you sell him."

I had worked about two months and only sold three cars and these were to young fellows that I was personally acquainted with. I was always afraid to talk to big men about cars. I mean about buying one. I could tell a man all about a car and answer all the objections that he had, and make a man like our car and in this way help Mr. Brown make a sale, but I could not close the deal. One day Mr. Brown came in, looking rather blue and said, "Kid, I have a prospect in mind and you have got to sell him. Now listen, I want you to make up your mind right *now* that you are going to sell him. What do you say? Do you think you can?" I couldn't think what was the matter with him, so I asked him who the prospect was and what was the matter that he couldn't sell him. He told me that it was a man that he had had some personal trouble with and also told me that it was Mr. Winthrope (not his real name). Then he told me to go after him and stay with him until I sold him. Mr. Brown said, "Kid, you've got to sell him, because if you don't, I will

probably lose the sale that I am now working on.'' Now, this was very interesting to me. How was I expected to sell a cashier of a bank? Just think! A kid of eighteen trying to sell a motor car to the cashier of the largest bank in a town of about twelve thousand.

Well, I fooled around about two days trying to think of a plan to meet Mr. Winthrope. Every day Mr. Brown would ask me if I had seen him yet. Of course I had to say ''no.'' Then he would try to hurry me up and I think that he had thought of hiring a salesman to handle that sale. Finally, I hit upon a plan and it seemed all right.

Mr. Winthrope had a rather good-looking daughter that I had been out with quite a few times. I decided to take her to a dance that night and ask her father and mother to go riding with us the next Sunday afternoon. In this way I decided that I would make Mr. Winthrope say something about buying a motor car.

Well, it was all planned out just right. We went riding and Mr. Winthrope proved to be a real nice sort of a fellow. All the time we were riding I showed the car off but was careful not to brag very much. Helen (the daughter) liked the car and asked me to do certain things, such as climbing big hills on high, throttling it down slow and making it pick up fast. Mr. Winthrope mentioned that he had intended to buy a car but had not decided what make. Then he asked me a thousand questions, more or less, about the car and I answered them and added a little each time. Then Helen told her father that I was working for the Vernon Motor Sales Co. Mr. Winthrope said, ''Mr. Brown is manager of that company, isn't he.'' Then I felt like a brass penny, with a hole in it. I finally said ''yes,'' but my heart was beating so fast I don't think that I talked above a whisper. Mr. Winthrope then told me that he did something once that Brown did not like very much and that he thought it made him mad. But he said that he had never had a chance to apologize and that he was very sorry that it had happened. NOW YOU CAN TELL THE WHOLE WORLD THAT I HAD A GRAND AND GLORIOUS FEELING ABOUT

THAT TIME. We rode around for the rest of the afternoon and I told him all about the car. Then I told him that I was going to have a new car oiled and bring it up and sell it to him after banking hours the next day. He said that he wasn't quite ready to buy yet, but that he liked the car mighty well and that I could bring it up and show it to him.

I took Helen riding again that night and asked her to work on her father all she could. She was more than willing because she wanted the car. Then the next day I took Helen out and taught her how to drive the car and let her drive it up to the bank. When her father came out he was surprised to see her driving it. He asked her how she liked to drive it and she told him that she was crazy about it. Then we went out to his house to get his wife. Helen was driving all the time, and he watched her like a hawk. We got Mrs. Winthrope, and Helen drove around for a while.

Finally, I asked Mr. Winthrope when he wanted me to write the order out. Then here is where Helen came in. She said "right now." Mr. Winthrope said that he had not decided as yet. Then Helen begged him and wouldn't give me a chance to say anything. He asked his wife how she liked it, and, of course, she liked anything that Helen liked. Then he said, "Well, kid, I guess you have sold me a car, they both want it and I guess it is the best I can do." *Now, believe me, I sure was happy but I tried not to show it.*

I wrote the order blank out and he signed it and wrote me a check to the Vernon Motor Sales Co. I told him that I would teach him how to drive any time he wanted me to. He asked me to bring the car out that night and tell Helen all about it, because he did not want to drive himself. That car wouldn't run fast enough for me to get down and tell Mr. Brown about it. Brown told me he knew I could make the sale, but he did not think that I would do it in the way I did. I took the car out that night and left it.

The reason I made that sale was because I knew more about my car than any other salesman who had talked to him. I made him sell the car to himself, with the help of Helen. And I STAYED WITH HIM UNTIL I SOLD HIM.

SIX MONTHS TO SELL ONE AUTOMOBILE

By H. W. Gratlin

IT WAS back in September of 1916, when I was a retail salesman for Buick in the city of Denver, that late in the afternoon of a particularly hot day, two ladies and a 17-year-old boy came into the showroom and inquired about a touring car.

I showed everything I had in my shop, and had just about decided to invite them into the "closing room," when Auntie, who, it seemed, was to put up the money, turned to the boy and said, "Nephew, what do you think?" The boy, who hadn't *said* a word during the whole time (and this same fact caused me much concern), answered in a very surly tone that he didn't think the Buick was nearly so good a car as the "—— Six," and suggested that they all take a look at it before they did anything further.

That remark locked my "closing room" door for that day, but I was game, so I took them in our demonstrator around to the "—— Six" showroom, and made an appointment to meet them next day, and give my car another tryout.

Well, to keep this from getting too long—I met them and sold the Aunt, who, by the way, was a Miss, and forty-five and a school teacher besides, so in convincing her I felt that I had overcome every obstacle. But, imagine my chagrin, when she said—"I'll buy your car if you can get my nephew's consent and support."

I immediately began cultivating the nephew, never for a moment forgetting the aunt, but meeting her every evening after school and giving her an hour lesson, thereby keeping my hold on her while trying to convince the hard-headed nephew that I was selling the better car of the two.

I discovered after some questioning that the competitive salesman had offered the boy $50.00 if he was successful in selling his aunt a car.

Now, my company would never stand for that—so I knew that I had to win some other way.

All this time the summer was going, and I had only succeeded in keeping them from buying the other car, but I'll bet I gave the boy 75 lessons in driving and the aunt at least 50.

The aunt asked myself and family over to her house for Thanksgiving dinner, and invited the nephew. By this time I was getting mad at myself and was more determined than ever to sell them a car.

On Christmas we had them over to our house for dinner, and I did *not* give the boy a thing for Christmas, neither did I gain his approval of my car.

In the meantime, at every opportunity, I was teaching the aunt to drive, and she was beginning to wonder whether they were going to have a car for the summer of 1917 or not, for by this time she was as much interested in my trying to convince the boy as she was in having a car.

Finally, the last week in January the boy came to me and said, "I am convinced that we will never have a car unless you leave town or I say Buick, so come on and we will go over to aunty's and get the check," which we did. She didn't hesitate one moment when he said for her to buy the Buick.

He told me afterwards that if I had just offered him $10.00, he would have given in last fall, for he was sold as far as the car was concerned, but it was the money that was bothering him.

DIDN'T OVERLOOK A POINT

By E. R. Wohlert

SEVERAL years ago I was selling a preparation to put on the windshields of autos to keep off rain, sleet, and snow, and to allow the driver a clear vision while driving in bad weather.

I was working from town to town and every time I had an opportunity, I would ride on the electric and give the motorman a demonstration. I always carried an atomizer in my pocket to produce "rain" in clear weather, but when it did rain, I was the busiest man in town.

The motormen would tell me the name and locality of the division superintendent, and when in that town, I would get the superintendent to sanction my article. I kept this up until I had the sanction of about eleven superintendents. However, I did not go out of my way to get these. I did this at the same time I was working the town.

About September the State Fair was on and the "Boss" and I went down to "work" the Fair but did not succeed as well as expected because of weather conditions. We had more goods than we knew what to do with.

The General Manager's office of the second largest interurban in the U. S., and from which I had been getting all the sanctions, happened to be in this same town, so I went up there to see Mr. Manager.

The chief clerk wanted to know my reason for calling but I would not tell him, so consequently the manager "was not in." However, I still believed he was. Next morning at eight o'clock sharp, I was at the office. Mr. Clerk wanted to KNOW my business and for not telling him, my "punishment" was that the manager "was busy." I waited and waited until about 11:30 when finally the manager came out. He looked at me and said:

"Are you waiting to see me? I believe I saw you sitting there this morning when I came in." I replied that I was. He invited me into a luxuriously furnished office and then said:

"Funny, the chief clerk never mentioned you." I told him the reason why and also that I knew if he did not see this article personally, he would never be able to appreciate it. I used his office window with the help of my atomizer, and gave him a demonstration. I then showed him the sanctions of the Division Superintendents, to which he replied:

"Young man, you surely went to a lot of trouble to try to interest this company, but I don't think we will invest."

"My dear sir," I said. "I deemed it necessary to go to this trouble to interest you as there have been quite a few accidents because of windows being blurred, and do you realize that one *small* accident would cost more than the cost of enough ———— to supply every car you have for years to come?"

The manager said, "Well, looking at it that way," and so we talked on and on until finally he signed the order which, in reality, was enough goods to supply every car for ten years.

About this time he turned around, looked me square in the eye, and exclaimed, "Young man, do you know what you have done?" I said, frightened:

"Why, no, sir."

"Well," he continued, "you so wrapped me up in your goods that I did something that I have been trying to stop ever since I have been General Manager, and that is, that we have a Purchasing Agent at ———— and he is to do all the buying." So I had to resell him and I started something like this:

"Why, my dear sir. You would not want to wait until I may have the opportunity to go there, which may be weeks and weeks, and in the meantime you may have several very severe and costly accidents because of the windows being blurred and preventing the motormen from seeing. Now, I can deliver these goods right here to headquarters and distri-

bution being made from here, you can give me a check and no one need know. It's a cinch the trainmen would not say anything as they would probably be only too glad to get this preparation."

The result was that he finally let me deliver the goods direct to headquarters and allowed me to photograph the check as a leverage for making future sales.

Then he looked at his watch and exclaimed: "Here it is 2:30 and I had a luncheon engagement at 12:00 and a golf engagement at 2:00. You're the first man that ever made me miss an engagement and especially a salesman."

I had learned before hand that golf was this man's hobby so the first thing I talked about when I was invited into his office was golf, thereby winning a point of contact.

I only made $75 commission on that sale. I have made quite a good deal more on other sales, but always held this sale as the best one I ever made.

OVERCAME MANY OBSTACLES

By S. B. Morris

A LITTLE over a year ago I called on a brick manufacturing plant in Zanesville, Ohio, and broke a bar of babbitt metal in the presence of the superintendent, and showed him a serious defect, viz., a blow hole (this being a defect in babbitt manufacture that is common).

He said he would return the shipment to the jobber he had purchased it from and then gave me an order. In making the sale, the jobber's salesman had told the superintendent that my company was making the babbitt metal for his company, which wasn't a fact.

Now, it so happened that the jobber who was located in Columbus, Ohio, was selling our metal, but was not buying all of it from me.

When I got to Columbus I gave the order from the brick concern to my jobber.

But on a subsequent visit to the jobber I was called on the carpet. The purchasing agent told me that his salesman was angry on account of the metal deal in Zanesville, Ohio, and also that they had lost an order of $3,000 on other material because of it. Then I was told that I was through, and that they would never buy again from me.

I wondered how I was going to proceed as I did not want to lose my connection. I decided to go to Zanesville and learn the exact reason why the $3,000 worth of business went elsewhere than to Columbus.

The purchasing agent of the brick company told me he did not return the babbitt, and that the reason the jobber did not get the $3,000 order was because they could not ship at once from stock, as the goods were needed immediately.

I felt pretty good at this turn of events and retraced my steps to Columbus. I told my jobbers what I had learned,

and that there was absolutely no blame attached to me, and that I had acted truthfully and honorably all through and expected orders when they were again in the market. But I didn't get any satisfaction at this time.

Three months later I was again in Columbus. I met the jobber's salesman and told him my side of it, and that I had done the square thing all through. Then I asked him to intercede for me with the purchasing agent of his concern and give me a clean slate and like the good fellow he was, "he seen his duty and done it."

Later the purchasing agent called me in his office, looked at me and said, "Don't feel so bad, we'll buy from you again."

I have been selling them ever since, but I want to say it was the hardest battle I ever was in, as so many different things arose and I had to satisfy all parties.

RESOLD A DISGRUNTLED PROSPECT

By C. H. F.

IN LOOKING back over quite a long career of selling to find the "Best Sale You Ever Made" I feel that one made to a bank in one of the Rocky Mountain States stands out as *the best* one, in that it combined practically every element of salesmanship.

Some years ago, before bookkeeping machines came into general usage in banks, I was selling a general line of bank supplies for a house which had acquired the patent rights on an individual ledger system for banks. This system used only the active accounts (those which had a change) for finding the day's balance, and was an improvement over most systems then in general use.

My predecessor in the territory was very anxious to place this in as many banks as possible because he was thoroughly sold on its possibilities, and rightly, too, however, his enthusiasm got the better of his judgment and he sold the bank in question this system for use with their *Inactive* accounts, and naturally, it being a strictly *Active* account ledger, the bank threw it out.

Upon one of my calls to this bank after the cashier had given me several items, he said, "That's all unless you have some other ledger system than that blank thing—which we had to throw out." I said, "Mr. Jones, I have the finest ledger system on the market today, would be delighted to show it to you now, but suggest that you give me an appointment this afternoon when the bookkeepers can be present, because, after all, they are the ones who have to use it." He said, "That's a good idea; come in at 3:30 p. m., I will have them all in the directors' room, and will give you an hour to explain your system."

At 3:30 that afternoon, after getting everybody comfortably seated, I opened my case and laid out the system. It was

really laughable to see the expression on that cashier's face as he realized that it was the one they had thrown out. He said, "You've got your nerve—bringing that blank, blank thing in here after what I told you this morning." I replied, "Mr. Jones, you gave me this hour to explain what I said was the finest ledger system on the market today, if I choose to demonstrate something that your bank has found impracticable because of the error of an over-zealous salesman, then I'm gambling my time and profit against yours, and I assure you I would not do so unless I was thoroughly convinced of the practicability of this system." He said, "That's fair, but I tell you you'll have to go some to convince us on that thing, so go ahead."

It was plain to be seen that the bookkeepers were of the same mind as the cashier, so it looked like a forlorn hope. However, I commenced to carefully explain the system, being sure that each point got home, carrying along the demonstration in the most logical manner at my command. When I finished the demonstration I asked each individual bookkeeper if he understood it. After clearing up any point that was not clear to them I asked them point blank if they thought that the system would do what I claimed it would. They all more or less grudgingly admitted that it would.

Then turning to Mr. Jones, I said, "Isn't it a fact that you are looking for a new system because the one you now use takes up so much time that you are up to the point of putting on an additional bookkeeper?" When he admitted this, I said, "Your posting can be done in at least one-third of the time it now takes and I feel I'd be safe in saying 50 per cent. Your bookkeepers will be through by 4 o'clock every day and when you or the other officers of the bank want to look up an account you can do it in half the time it now takes. The reason this system failed in this bank is because it was installed for the *Inactive* accounts when it is fundamentally an Active Account Ledger."

After considerable argument back and forth between the bookkeepers and the cashiers, I walked out of the bank at

5:30 p. m. with a large order for that system, which was duly installed and gave complete satisfaction.

This sale, in my opinion, covered all the points of Salesmanship. First, faith in my line; second, knowledge of my line; third, by these overcoming a bad hazard; fourth, by demonstration, creating the desire; fifth, proper closing. It "can be done"; it's up to the salesman to find the way.

SOLD AN ATHEIST A BIBLE

By F. M. Riley

I BELIEVE one of the best sales I ever made was made in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, in 1918. I was taking a business course, and on Saturdays for a while I sold bibles. I planned out my canvass with the help of the publishing company and after lining up a number of prospects I started out. My prospects were those who were teaching in Sunday School or taking an active part in church work in some way. I called at the home of a lady, who was teaching in Sunday School, and was very active in the church life.

Calling at her home and knocking on the door, a tall savage looking fellow flung the door open and hailed, "What do you want, sir?" I went in and answered him by telling him I was looking for Mrs. Smith, a teacher in a certain Sunday School. He said, "My wife is not at home this evening. You may call and see her tomorrow."

I said, "Mr. Smith, I am selling a very fine bible, and I understand your wife is very much devoted to bible study and Christian work. I would like to get your order for a nice bible for your wife. Mr. Smith, don't you think Mrs. Smith would appreciate this surprise?"

He said, "Young man, you have your nerve. Do you know to whom you are talking?"

I said, "I presume I am talking to Mr. Fred Smith."

He said, "Yes, and a railroad man besides. I've been an engineer on the Frisco Lines for more than twenty years, and I never have been guilty of opening a bible or reading a word in one in that twenty years."

I said, "Mr. Smith, aren't you sorry your wife is a Christian wife? Aren't you sorry she is a Christian mother for your little children? Aren't you ashamed for her that she in her soul recognizes the maker of herself and you and your

own children? Wouldn't you feel grateful if she lived the life, thought the thoughts, and did the things that you do, that she might be a better mother?''

He said, ''No. I have the best little wife in all this world, but I don't believe as she does.''

I said, ''Mr. Smith, do you believe your wife would appreciate a beautiful bible with the most wonderful helps included in it for study that is known? I want to show you something. Sit down here for just about five minutes.''

He did, through curiosity or something. I showed him how the references were run. I showed him how many Johns, how many Marys and how many Josephs there were in the bible. I showed him what the bible said about farmers, merchants, lawyers, what it said about divorce, love, faith. I then said:

''Now, you are a railroad man. Is the air brake as good as the hand? Is the oil burner as good as the old style wood burners, etc.?'' I continued, ''Now, these extra helps you see here are simply improvements for the convenience of the teacher.'' Mr. Smtih studied a moment and said:

''Give me one of those $12.00 ones, the best thing you have. I'll surprise my wife once. I am glad you came in, and I'm glad you didn't take 'No' for an answer.''

I got the order and left him a happy man.

STRATEGY IN SELLING BOOKS

By Elizabeth Buck

LAST winter, chance and necessity combined to draw me into the field of salesmanship. My particular article of merchandise was a well-edited one-volume student's encyclopaedia. After a brief period of training the sales manager assigned me territory in my home city, and I went forth to look for orders.

It would be hard for me to describe my bewilderment during my first few days in the field. Ringing a doorbell at the home of a stranger, introducing myself and my goods, expanding the merits of the article, studying the countenance of the other to note how my talk was being received, guarding against being sidetracked from my theme, deciding the opportune moment to inveigle the customer to sign the order blank —it was all new to me. It seems hardly necessary to remark that I had approached a number of customers before a chance came for me to flash the order blank, and then—but perhaps it would be well for me to tell about it in an orderly way.

In my district there was much unemployment. At about half the homes where I called the man of the house opened the door in response to my signal. I soon came to regard this as a sign that in that home there was no income. Whenever a man admitted me, although I never in such a case asked to see the wife, he invariably brought her to interview me and then retired discreetly, usually out of sight, but never out of hearing. Often the man considered it a point of vantage to station himself directly behind me, anywhere from twelve to twenty-five feet in the rear. Thus while I addressed myself directly to the woman, assuming that she was a possible purchaser, I knew all the time that my real adversary was behind my back and ready to flash a wireless message to his wife if she showed signs of wavering. I leave it to any experienced salesman to say if such a situation is favorable to the making of a sale.

When I called at a home where the woman was alone another difficulty confronted me. With husband away the lady was generally more responsive. She almost always conceded the merits of the work, and often she expressed a wish to own it. Decide, however, she would not until after husband had been consulted. I soon learned the futility of going back next day or next week, and I came to look upon husbands as professional sales-killers. Who said house-to-house selling was easy work?

Came the morning when I called at the Stillman home. Mr. Stillman admitted me and, true to form, he conducted me into his wife's presence, then retired to the adjoining room to listen.

Without loss of time I delivered my introductory remarks according to ritual. I did not proceed far, however, until my use of the phrase "aid to education" lured the gentleman from his hiding place.

"Do you want to know what I think about all this education business?" he inquired, re-entering the room with a light of anger in his eyes. "There's too much education now without handing out any more of it. This town is full of college guys trying to bum a meal because they are too lazy to hold a job. If I had my way I would put half of the schools out of business and then cut out half of the stuff they teach in the other half. If a boy ever hopes to be of any use in the world let him keep away from high schools and colleges."

The man had spoken.

"No chance of making a sale here," thought I.

My first impulse was to retreat. That would have been both cowardly and undignified. Besides, the man's point of view interested me. Forgetting for the time being the business which I had in hand, I entered into a discussion with Mr. Stillman. There was a measure of truth in what he said. Many college graduates are unsuccessful. Much of our education is misdirected. More than a few potential mechanics have been spoiled by having been persuaded to try to become lawyers or doctors. By our present day methods of education these mistakes are easily avoided. Vocational guidance

is the underlying principle of the new system. It must be admitted that a man whose mind is stored with a wealth of general knowledge and also with the technical knowledge of his chosen craft will make a more competent workman than the one who cannot work without constant supervision.

The talk drifted into other channels. We discussed trade unions, civic affairs and immigration. A pleasant hour passed, during which I saw myself constantly rising in this man's esteem. At last he arose and, extending his hand, told me how much he had enjoyed talking to me, but would I excuse him? He was a railroad man, had to go out on the road in an hour, and there was just enough time left for him to shave before leaving. Would I excuse him? Of course I would.

"So this man has a job," thought I.

Then I turned my attention to the little wife. She had been present all the time, silent but interested. My purpose was to sell a book. I returned to my ritual. Mindful of the fact that a good safety razor will mow a large area of cuticle in a surprisingly short time, I talked rapidly. Mr. Stillman had inspired me, so that I also talked well. I delivered my canned talk with zest.

When the point of securing the order was reached, Mrs. Stillman could not say as had the others: "See my husband." I had already seen him. And, what was of still more importance, she had seen him see me. Unhesitatingly she placed her name on the dotted line. There still remained one difficulty. She had to interrupt husband's shaving to get the necessary deposit. He was, I believe, staggered when she made the demand. I had not attempted to interest him in my work, and when he left the room, I have no doubt, he thought he had dismissed me. Now while I sat alone with my eyes focused on the signed order, there came to my ears the low steady murmur of a suppressed argument. Mrs. Stillman won. I had proof of this a moment later when she handed a five dollar bill to me.

Elated I left the house. I had made my first sale. I had executed it by strategy.

KNEW HIS MAN

By Dan W. Brooks

ABOUT a year ago I was selling future canned goods and had so much faith in my line, and was so thoroughly sold on it myself, that I believed I could sell the President of the United States.

I do not class myself as a "real" salesman, but understand human nature and am a good judge of men, observing each customer very closely. I have found that you can get an order from some men by swearing at them, and others by reciting a verse or extract from the Bible. Know your man!

I went to work a good-sized town which one of our men had canvassed a few weeks previous, and it happened that he left all the "hard nuts" for me to crack. I was working through a jobber and up to this particular Friday afternoon I had sold one thousand fourteen cases and needed but one hundred more to top the sales list, which I did.

I asked the jobber if our man had sold Mr. Camp, to which he replied: "No, and neither will you." He asked me not to call on him for fear I might make him angry at the house, but I promised not to hurt Mr. Camp's feelings in any way and simply asked permission to pay him a friendly call. This permission was granted. I did not know anything about this man, merely that he was a big buyer, in fact, I had never seen him before my visit.

When I called there happened to be another salesman being interviewed, and I was very glad as I wanted to study my man and observe all I could. I saw at once that he was a man of his word and if I once gave him a chance to say "no," I was through.

The salesman left and I walked up to Mr. Camp's desk and introduced myself. He got up, shook hands with me and stood by my side talking. I did not give him a chance to tell me he was not buying anything. I explained that I under-

stood he was not in the buying market, and he then volunteered the information that they were moving their grocery department and had not yet checked up their stock. I immediately changed the subject to a friendly conversation and when it was time for me to leave I put my hand on his shoulder and said:

"Mr. Camp, I am a new man with this firm and out on a two weeks' trial before my salary is set." This was the truth, and I continued, "I have sold over one thousand cases so far this week and am working hard for first place on the sales force. Now, some of my goods you are going to need. What about a hundred cases of our Golden Bantam corn?" Promptly he replied:

"All right, you can send me a hundred cases of corn." Of course, this man should have bought at least five hundred cases of my line, but I knew enough not to mention another item or he would have cancelled the hundred case order.

You might not call this good Salesmanship, but it's "bringing home the bacon" where others failed and I did not have to lie about it either. You see, I had to know my man and know how to handle him. I doubt if one man out of a hundred would have handled this man as easily and walked out with the order.

IT WASN'T SO EASY

By J. G. Gangel

I AM a free lance specialty salesman, taking commission to sell difficult customers whom their regular salesmen have been unable to interest, so nearly every week I am selling a different product or service.

I made a sale of cash registers that I consider my best sale. It is briefly as follows: The manager told me that they sold a 5 and 10-cent store fifty $47.00 cash registers when he opened business about 18 months ago, and ever since their salesmen had tried to replace these cheap registers for a machine that sold for $97.00. This latter machine slung out a receipt with each sale and on the back of the receipt was an advertisement of the business. My task here was to replace the cheap machines, secure a $2,500.00 increase in the sale, and every man on their local sales force said that it couldn't be done.

Mr. ———— was the proprietor of the store, which consisted of three floors, with about 30 clerks to a floor. With this information in hand I approached Mr. ———— and told him that I was securing information first hand regarding improvements on cash registers and also the actual placing and use in stores of different models of registers.

I exhibited a photo of a handsome $1,200.00 mahogany finished machine, which contains some 8 or 10 drawers for individual clerks. Why not replace your cheap machines for three of these large machines, place one in the center of each floor, and thus centralize your cash receipts to only one point, and besides give each customer a receipt for his purchase together with an advertisement of your store, like this.

Mr. ————'s reply was just to my liking, he said: "That would never do, the clerks would get all jammed together at the register when we were busy, and another thing, the loss from petty thieves would be greater; for instance who would

watch the candy counter when the girl was to the center of the store trying to get to her proper drawer to make change? It would never work.''

I immediately handed him the receipt issued by the register and followed up with, you will agree with me that this receipt is a dandy thing, won't you, both as to giving each purchaser an exact record of his buy as well as the value of the advertisement of your firm on the back thereof. He agreed that was fine, then I explained to him that we had an individual model something like the registers that he was using, but that this better individual model also slung out a receipt exactly as did the high-priced machine, and I am sure that I can get one of our national advertisers to gladly pay for the difference in cost, if you will agree to give him the privilege of printing his advertisement thereon. His objection was to the point. He said: ''No indeed I wouldn't consider advertising another man's business that way for him.''

Then I talked advertising and advertising values to him. I showed him that for only $2,500.00 we would install new machines with the complete check slinging system, spread out in small monthly payments, together with his own advertisement on each receipt, and that he could well afford to charge the cost up to advertising at $100.00 a month. ''Not a drop in the bucket, is it, Mr. ————?''

I did not try to close at this time, but made an appointment to bring out the next morning the new model individual register and show him the details of the check receipt system and how easy it was to operate.

That night I had the register sales manager print up an actual roll of receipts, complete in every way with a good strong advertisement of the store.

The demonstration at the store the next morning took less than 30 minutes, and an hour later I walked out with a signed application for the fifty new registers, total cost $2,500.00, payable on terms of $100.00 a month.

Selling is like any other sport. You must know how.

SELLING STOCK AND CASKETS

By C. C. French

SOME time ago I was engaged in enrolling students for a school in salesmanship, in the southern states, and on arriving in the city of Memphis, Tennessee, it was necessary for me to build up my own audiences, and then enroll as many as possible, having the good fortune of enrolling some twenty-five men at one time.

I found that the men insisted on my setting up a class and instructing it. It was while engaged in one of the lessons that several of the students got together and decided they would like to put me to a real test and see just how I would sell something they had some knowledge of, so they stated.

One of them, being the manager of a recently organized casket and coffin factory which still had some stock for sale, and knowing how tight money was about that time, requested the others to offer his proposition to me to sell and see just what I could do.

It was impossible for me to refuse to give it a try, so naturally I accepted. In accepting the proposition, the manager of the factory stated that a convention of undertakers and embalmers would take place the following week and that he would leave the sale of stock in my hands to handle entirely as I saw fit. I immediately set to work mapping out how I would handle the situation, and a day or two before the opening of the convention, I called on the manager of the factory and gave him an outline of my plans. I told him to get the factory in tip-top shape and arrange with the local undertakers for them to take the visitors on a sight-seeing trip the opening day and show them through the factory, never mentioning the sale of stock. He did exactly as I requested.

The second day I arranged for an expert to give a demonstration in embalming in the factory, at the same time

explaining some things about the work and finish of caskets. On the night of the second day a banquet was held in a local school, and a very high grade and inspirational speaker addressed the convention. It was during the banquet that I requested to be introduced and planned to put over my sale. I was introduced as a young man of special training and conducting a class in salesmanship in one of the local schools and that I would have a few words to say.

I opened up by asking how many present thought such a factory as the local casket factory should be kept in existence, and as I expected everyone answered "Yes." I then told them that in order for the factory to keep going it had to have an outlet for its goods, and since they were all in business as undertakers, forty-two of whom were present, that I thought if each agreed to take six caskets a month for the next six months that the factory could live and grow, and at the same time would not be causing each of them to make any special effort to handle same, and at the most would only be sharing a small portion of their regular business with the new factory. After answering a few questions in regard to how the goods could be paid for and the different sizes, etc., the body present thought it was a very good plan and accepted it, making a sale for 1,512 caskets in one order and assuring the factory of a nice output for six months and the heads a nice list of good customers.

After closing the casket order, I turned next to the stock, telling them that the company had some of its stock still for sale, and as they had purchased the goods why not share in the profits and also make sure the factory delivered the goods by becoming a part of it, through the purchase of some of its stock. After explaining some of the details of the proposition, I closed the 42 undertakers and received their checks for $10,000 worth of stock and the option on that much more, which was a pretty fair deal, don't you think?

BUILT CONFIDENCE TO WIN

By William H. Clark

BEFORE I called on this firm I had ascertained that all purchases were made on the recommendation of the superintendent. Accordingly I had the advantage of speaking to the man who would use my product.

But when I presented my card he threw up his hands in mock despair. "I don't want to waste your time nor mine," he said, "exactly eighteen foundries have tried to make these castings and it has cost us a lot of money and, worse still, the balance of production has been upset, as in every case but one the goods were absolutely unsuited to our purpose."

"Mr. ————," I replied, "if I cannot sell you castings that will increase your production through removing the delays caused by unsatisfactory material I am doing neither of us a service. I do not want this one order,—I am after your entire and permanent business. Will you spare me the time to show me exactly what is required of your castings, not only in their ultimate use but also in the process of machining?"

"You are the first Foundryman who has asked that," smilingly returned Mr. ————, "I guess I can put my time against yours—what are your prices, rock bottom?" "If I gave you my price now," I answered, "it would be high enough to protect myself, a mere shot in the dark. Had we not better wait until you have shown me just what you require?"

A quick turn through the plant and with mental notes as to the process of manufacture enabled me to decide just what was needed and that I could supply that needed to a "T." I named my price, adding, "And that you may compare my price more favorably, with that of my competitor this price is F. O. B. your factory." Incidentally I might state that I always determined the cost of transportation to the factory of any prospect. Many an order is lost by uncertainty in the

mind of the P. A. as to costs of transportation. With this item included in the cost he usually looks more favorably on whatever proposition one has to offer.

"Your price is just what we are paying now, plus transportation," he told me, "that makes you higher, though if I knew you could give us even a ninety per cent perfect article I would not consider that but I cannot afford to experiment. You may have absolute confidence in your product—but I do not KNOW—it is too much of a risk. We are standing nearly a fifteen per cent loss as it is."

I knew I had the goods but how to persuade my prospect was the question. I took a long chance—yet it was not a chance either as I was sure of my ground. "Mr. ——," I said slowly, "this is my proposition. Let me make you this order, which will amount to about $800.00, if you have any loss in machining I will not only allow you to return the defective pieces but will honor your bill for your usual overhead on the work, plus a 10% profit." He looked at me sharply. "Will you confirm that in a letter when you get home?" "No," I replied, "but if you will take me to your office I will confirm it here and now," and I pulled out a sheet of my firm's stationery from my case; I never travel without a supply as I believe that quotations should be confirmed on the spot.

After the stenographer had rolled the typewritten sheet from her machine and I had made it good with my signature I handed it to the superintendent. "Excuse me for a moment," he said, as he turned to the door marked "General Manager." Within a few minutes he returned and handed me the order I so much desired.

I might add that we have never had to make a replacement for this firm.

A BUSINESS BUILDING IDEA

By Robert P. Paul

SOME years ago I was special representative for a large national manufacturer of cement, and let me say right here for the benefit of those who are used to selling their products on price that this is one specialty where price does not count, as the prices of cement are all the same.

It was up to me to open up new accounts in the territory and one can readily see that since I could not talk price and could only talk quality and delivery, that it was not an easy matter to change a dealer over from one of our competitors.

However it occurred to me that the thing that any dealer is interested in regardless of the line he is handling, is, BUILDING BIGGER BUSINESS and MAKING MORE MONEY.

My company therefore set about to devise a plan whereby we could increase the dealer's business and offer him something that our competitors were not giving him.

I picked out ten dealers that were not handling our line to try this plan out on. You can imagine the difficulty I was up against, as all of these dealers had been handling our competitor's line for years, had received courteous treatment, prompt service, and had no vital reason for making a change to our line.

After listening to all of the arguments that one dealer had as to why he did not care to make a change, I asked him this question: "ARE YOU INTERESTED IN INCREASING YOUR BUSINESS AND MAKING MORE MONEY?"

He had to say *YES,* because every real business man in America has to say yes to this question.

Then I opened up on him. You know, Mr. Blank, there are a lot of prospects right here in your vicinity for cement and

other building material that you are handling, but you are not selling them? WHY?

If you stopped to call on these prospects personally, you would never get around. If you called them on the telephone you could reach a greater number of them, but then you could not reach all of them. How can you reach them?—By an individual method suited to your particular business. By this individual method, I mean ADVERTISE. Not Billboards or whole page ads in the newspapers, but by this special method which I have prepared for you.

By this time the dealer's curiosity was aroused, and he was anxious to see what I had prepared for him. I had the complete plan in a sales binder with the dealer's name printed on the outside and I spread this before him, going carefully into detail, showing him the cuts we supplied free to his newspaper (and by the way I had made it a point to call at the newspaper office to see if he did any advertising, the size of space he took, rates, etc.), and as our cuts were very snappy and did not contain any of the old out of date stereotyped advertising, I found that the dealer was very interested. Of course he wanted to know how much it was going to cost him to run these cuts and I was able to give him first hand information since I had secured this at the office.

I next showed the dealer what we were doing in a national way, which would all hook up with what he could do locally. In fact I gave him the exact number of circulation of each and every magazine in which we were advertising in his territory so that he knew the number of ads that were going to his prospects.

Then I showed him the beautiful art colored booklets we would send out to a list of prospects which he was to furnish us and the series of sales follow-up letters. All of this work we did for the dealer without one cent of cost to him, all that he was to furnish was his own letterheads and envelopes and pay for the postage.

Here was a plan where the dealer could increase his business without doing any of the work or detail and without a cent of cost to him.

Did I get his name on the dotted line? WELL, I SHOULD SAY SO—and an order for a car of cement also, as the dealer wanted to be able to deliver when the calls for our product came in.

USED TASTE AND TACT WITH SAMPLES

By J. W. Ziegfeld

I HAVE traveled for twenty-seven years, and during this period, I have experienced a number of times what I think the best sale I ever made.

The one that presents itself most forcibly in my mind is of a company that had nine stores in the Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, region. The head officials decided to have but one Purchasing Agent.

As I represented a jobbing house from Baltimore, the freight rate and distance I sized up as a 99% proposition against me. I just had enough conceit in my Salesmanship ability to tackle that 1% chance. I knew I had some work before me. My first step was to get acquainted with the General Manager of all the stores, socially. This I succeeded in doing in a very short time, and I found him to be a tip-top fellow.

Through our conversation, naturally, I informed him of my line and who I was representing. Finally, I made an appointment to see him next day at his office at 11 A. M. to meet the Purchasing Agent.

The following morning just as the town clock was striking eleven, I presented my card to the clerk in the corridor. At the last stroke of eleven I was shaking hands with the General Store Manager. After a few words of greeting, I was introduced to the Purchasing Agent, and told him where I was from, and who I represented.

I was satisfied that I would have a great many questions to answer. But I did not think that I was going through a grilling, and the third degree. I got it good and proper. I looked him in the eye and answered him frankly. I made up my mind to win. After a fifteen minutes talk, he informed me that in two weeks from the following Thursday the Pitts-

burgh houses, as well as some from New York and Philadelphia, would have representatives at the hotel—where he would see them and decide where he would make his purchases, and if I wanted to take a chance, I could be there but he could not give me much encouragement. I thanked him for the opportunity and said I would be there.

I made a bee-line for the hotel and made reservations for the largest sample rooms they had. And it's a good thing I did, or I would have been left out in the cold as far as a sample room was concerned. So I worked in the surrounding territory for the following two weeks. I arrived in town one day before the appointed time. The hotel looked like bedlam had broken loose. Alive with salesmen in every line from soup to nuts. Some of the salesmen had an extra man, probably the heads of their concerns with them to make an impression. I was alone and the only house from Baltimore.

The fight was on.

The one thing in my favor was that I had a large room. I could make a nifty display. When I got through displaying my samples, which consisted of ladies and gents ready-to-wear, furnishings and notions, my room looked like a live, up-to-date salesroom, all samples being displayed to good advantage. Thursday morning at eight o'clock the General Store Manager and the Purchasing Agent arrived. They were greeted by every salesman representing the different houses.

They went through every line. I waited in my room patiently. Time was hanging heavy on me. The suspense was great. Would I be successful?

I smoked cigars, read, paced up and down my room. Lunch time came around. I got a bite, back to my room. One, two, three, four, five, six o'clock and still I was waiting. At last six-thirty. I was the last one to be seen. I had all the lights on. Then they entered my room, and as they did, I saw their expression of surprise. It was a tonic to see my line.

The Purchasing Agent remarked, "Why, this is the best looking line we have seen today." I just partly showed them through my line. Told them that their orders would have right-of-way service, etc. Mr. Purchasing Agent said:

"We will be here in the morning after eight o'clock to do our buying." I sold them my line as long as I stayed on the road, which made me a jim-dandy account.

I believe the way I had my goods displayed had just as much to do with the clinching of the account as my line of talk.

TOUGH SLEDDING BEFORE THE SALE

By Raymond Wilson

IN going back over my years of selling, I believe the best sale I ever made was over twenty years ago, when I first started in the selling game. In those days perhaps I was a better "traveler" than a salesman—sometimes there's a difference. At any rate, a personal friend of mine—Mr. Meade—was city salesman in Toronto for a manufacturer of men's furnishings. He was leaving on a road trip and recommended me for the job as city salesman. I started out after a brief training on the merits of the merchandise.

A retailer who had been one of the firm's best customers got peeved about a certain deal, and vowed he would never again buy this particular brand of goods under any consideration—although he was a particular friend of Mr. Meade. I did not know this when I started out, so on my first trip around I fell into the "lion's mouth." Just at that time Mr. Retailer was suffering with a bad attack of gout, and was all run down generally. Besides, business was bad.

My version of a salesman then was not what it is now. I thought I had to do all the talking in order to succeed. I talked and talked about the goods, but the customer did not even attempt to say a word. To him I was not a salesman, but his adversary on whom he wanted to jump as soon as he got sore enough. I began to think I was not working fast enough, so I placed my order book on his counter. That was the blow that killed father. He yelled "PACK THAT GRIP AND GET OUT BEFORE YOU GO OUT ON YOUR HEAD." I replied: "Mr. Daniels, I am going to pack my grip and I am going to WALK OUT; you're not going to hurry me any." After my grip was packed I started for the door, and noticed his wife standing at the end of the counter. I smiled—raised my hat—said good morning and walked out.

When I got to the factory that evening I related my

experience. The boss said "let him go, we don't want his trade anyway. There are lots more retailers." Although feeling cut about the way he treated me, I wanted his trade. I passed him up every week, and when my friend returned from his trip I invited him to take a walk in the district where Mr. D. had his store—not saying a word about my experience. I knew Mr. Meade would want to see him as a friend. When we got to the store Meade said "let's go and see Mr. Daniels." I said "all right, just a minute, you can talk to Daniels while I get a few things from Mrs. Daniels." It was on a Saturday night and they were fairly busy in the store. I got my ties and other things while the men talked. Then we left the store and went home. Not a word was said by either party about the fracas.

During the following week I passed the store several times and always saw Mrs. D. or her daughter in the store, but not Mr. D. Finally, towards the end of the week I went in and asked for the same kind of a silk tie that I purchased the week before, only in a different color. While there Mrs. D. said her husband was very ill, and they did not know what to do for Saturday help. I volunteered to help her out until her husband was over his sickness. He was very sick for over four weeks, and I was on the job every Saturday. I suggested certain plans for increasing the business, and they proved successful. Ultimately the stock was becoming depleted and Mrs. D. did not know what to order nor how to buy. (Her husband had a high fever and could not be disturbed.) I made up the purchase list and she asked me if I would supply the stock from our factory. I firmly, but politely, declined, stating that "I would not accept an order under the circumstances, nor would I ever ask Mr. D. for an order." She said that I was entitled to the business after the assistance I was giving her—gratis. I replied that I was not giving my services for personal gain, but to help them keep the business together until her husband was able to resume his duties.

Eventually when Mr. D. was able to come to the store I quit my "Saturday job" and kept passing him up, but never fail-

ing to look in and smile—even at the old tyrant. About three weeks after Mr. D. got back to work he telephoned the factory, asking them to send me down to his store. When I got there he said: "What do I owe you, Wilson?" I said, "For what?" He said, "For helping me out for over four weeks." I said, "You don't owe me anything for that." Then he said, "But I do owe you something, and that is an apology for the way I treated you, and I want to tell you that this is the first time in my life I ever apologized to anybody. If you'll send me a bill of goods I'll give you the order now."

While this might not be the biggest order I ever got, it was the best one in men's furnishings, and the best one my firm had ever secured from any of their trade up to that time. Besides, I made him a life-long customer.

SERVICE PLUS WINS A PERMANENT CUSTOMER

By Wm. C. Alexander

IN 1910, after struggling about a year to get a foothold with a practically unknown line of men's neckwear in Baltimore and Washington, Christmas coming on Sunday, on the Wednesday preceding Christmas, about noon, the buyer from Washington's biggest and most important men's wear store came into our Philadelphia plant and bought two hundred dozen of some very bold patterns of brocaded satin neckwear to be made up and delivered by Friday night, at $5.00 a dozen.

We had a limited capacity and this was the biggest order we had ever seen in the plant. We promised him a small shipment that night which we made. Friday morning the buyer wired us he had not received any goods and that knowing he would not get them for Christmas selling, he wanted us to cancel the balance of the order.

We had shipped only about thirty dozen, and this meant we would have, in addition to disappointing the buyer, to lose the best order we had ever had. Every operator and finisher was on the job, so I wired the buyer that every dozen would be in his house for Saturday selling.

The order was complete at three o'clock. I packed all the goods in sample cases and placed them into a wagon, rode to the Pennsylvania Station, bought a ticket to Washington, checked all the cases as baggage, saw them in the baggage car, boarded the train, arrived in Washington at nine p. m., found a man with a wagon, put the stuff on it, got on the wagon myself and personally took the goods to the store which had all curtains pulled down and had closed for the day. I rattled the door, which was opened and took the goods inside and got a wonderful ovation from the buyer and the clerks, as they

were about out of neckwear and the biggest selling day of the year was to follow on the next day.

That was the beginning of a wonderful business relation with a house second to none. I have sold numerous lines since that and have taken many orders, two in the last year in my own business, exceeding $35,000 but have never made a sale of greater value, than the one back twelve years ago, in 1910.

That house has never failed to find something they could use in any line I have sold of which fact I was reminded, when a sizeable check went over my desk from them this morning, paying for a bill of hosiery. The present buyer was assistant to the then buyer, who departed this life some years ago.

That incident proved to me that no sale is complete until the absolute limit of service is rendered and that one sale and its splendid subsequent results have spurred me to render the utmost service at all times.

TWO MEN GOT A BARGAIN

By Ike Bernstein

THE best sale I ever made was to a gentleman who came into the store stating that he would like to look at a suit of clothes. He was a fine appearing, gentle sort of a middle aged man with a good natured, honest looking countenance—and believe me, he looked like business.

I felt as confident in selling him a suit of clothes as I ever felt in my life. In sizing up this man, I concluded in my own mind the sort of suit that he would be pleased with. I took it out, slipped it on him, and as I predicted, the material seemed to satisfy him, the pattern was fine, and the fit—simply perfect. To sum it up, HE LIKED IT.

He looked himself over in the mirror quite critically and to be thoroughly satisfied, said: "I'll look at a few more suits as I don't like to decide so quickly on the first suit I look at, even if I *do* like it." Up to this point it had taken about thirty minutes.

I discovered while he was looking over the last suit shown him that his mind seemed to be wandering, he was apparently giving the suits the minutest inspection. As neither he nor I said a word, I concluded that there was a screw loose somewhere. It seemed to me as though I could see him looking for a soft spot so as to "let me down easily." I felt certain something was going to happen very suddenly—without warning—without argument or comment, or any excuse whatsoever.

Finally he said: "I have just come to the conclusion, after thinking it over, that I'll not buy a suit of clothes here in the city of Oakland. I am going to buy it in San Francisco where I make my living—I only *sleep* over here and it has always seemed an utter impossibility for me to get my business here in Oakland. I've tried often enough—I'm very sorry to have

put you to all this trouble. Perhaps I will come in to see you some time again.'' That was some announcement.

Grasping at a straw, I suggested, in order to put him into a reasonably good humor, that: ''Since you have admitted the town to be your 'bedroom' you certainly are under *some* obligation to buy at least your hosiery or handkerchiefs in Oakland, aren't you?''

''Well, y-e-s,'' came the condescending reply.

By this time I had regained my poise and allowing me a chance to get back to the suit, I began arguing the ''nothingness'' of his wandering thought. I swelled up on the make of our clothes, the service we gave, our guarantee, I argued on the low price and big value, due to small, narrow margins of overhead expense. In fact, I argued against everything in San Francisco except the U. S. Mint. HE WOULD NOT BUDGE.

I then concluded to try from another angle. I continued, ''My friend, may I ask what is your line of business?''

''My line of business?'' he replied. ''Why, life insurance.''

I then asked him a number of questions in regard to life insurance and wound up in a sort of an off hand way that it might be that I would interest myself in some life insurance and take out a policy at no distant date, that is, as soon as my financial condition became a shade easier (never meaning a word of it). I was not exactly surprised that he immediately woke up—all attention—and then he shot his ''master talk'' my way, using the utmost tact, and after a few moments he said in a roundabout way, that he'd like to look at that first suit again. I produced the suit, holding the coat over my arm so that it was fully displayed, and ignoring his suit talk so that I could get some information as to the price of insurance at my age, etc. And like from a clear sky he said:

''How much did you say that suit was?'' I told him.

''I'll take it,'' he said, and paid me. He handed me his line of insurance talk again and for the life of me, I could not help but give him a date for an interview. To make a short

story shorter, we met—he gained his point—it was for a twenty year endowment policy of $2,000.

Now that the policy has been paid in full and am now within four years of the expiration of the second twenty years, I feel quite positive that *we both got the best of the bargain.*

SERVICE PLUS DETERMINATION

By Marc R. Cohn

THE best sale I ever made was accomplished in Arkansas. There were three of the largest lumber mills in the state located at Center Point, and to sell them goods was the pride of every road salesman.

At the time, I was traveling out of Chicago for a wholesale tailoring concern catering to mills exclusively.

The mills at Center Point had experimented with different made-to-order lines, but with very poor success and unnecessary expense due to the fact that quite a number of the men quit and left their clothes at the mill. Thus, the mills were forced to pay the amount due the tailoring houses.

Landing in this town during the course of my route, I determined to make a try for an order from these mills. To get one of them meant to get them all.

The morning after my arrival, I went out to one of the mills and had a talk with the owner, having sent my trunks containing the woolens ahead of me. We talked over the proposition and he flatly refused to consider my line.

I returned to my hotel very much disappointed but determined to get this order. How was I to get this business when so many men before me had failed was the question uppermost in my mind? I thought it over very carefully that night and studied it from every conceivable angle. Finally, I decided on the following plan.

The next morning I went out to the mill and talked to the lumber mill employees about tailor-made clothes. Most of them being negroes, the idea of a new made-to-order suit made them open their eyes.

By noon I had them afire with a desire for a new suit and ready to look at my line and order if satisfied.

During the lunch hour, and after their working hours, I sold them $1,000 worth of clothes.

The problem now, and the main factor, was to sell the owner the order which the employees had bought, and get a contract signed by him to collect the money for my firm. This was the only way we could handle such orders.

Sitting in his office, I related to him how my goods had satisfied his men and that I had them all measured for $1,000 worth of clothing. I explained that 20 per cent of that amount, $200, was his for collecting the total amount. I assured him that we would not bother him with an old sample book as other tailors had done, that I would personally take care of the order, and that I would return to fit and alter the clothes upon their completion. I also explained to him that there was no other tailoring house which would do this for him and that we would see to it that he would not lose a penny on suits left at his mill.

After some persuasion he agreed to the contract.

I wired my house to Okey the contract and then received his signature to the contract at once.

This same plan was repeated on the other two mills and the total sales netted my company $2,500 worth of orders in three days. Together with these orders, we gained their goodwill for future business, which all goes to prove that the old saying "Never say die" gets the business.

HE SOLD HIMSELF

By A. L. MEISENHEIMER

ABOUT a year ago I put on a demonstration of the ———— coffee at a country fair. A few weeks later one of my good customers in that same county refused to give me an order, saying that he would not buy from a concern that sold to a competitor of his at prices that enabled the competitor to undersell him.

I was bewildered and asked him to kindly explain what he meant. From what he told me, and from what I learned from a letter which I received from our credit man, and also from the competitor himself, this is what happened.

The competitor had seen my demonstration at the fair and had sent in an order by mail for one case of this coffee. The order passed by the credit man unnoticed, so he wrote me, and the fact was that the competitor found the coffee did not sell as quickly as he thought it would and he was compelled to cut the price and close it out.

The regular customer did not sell much of this package coffee, but I was selling him bulk coffee, spices, extracts, etc., regularly.

All the talking I did would not change his determination not to buy from our house. I offered to send out another salesman, but he proved his friendliness toward me by inviting me to dinner. I offered him the exclusive sale of our products in his community, but he refused by saying:

"I guess I'm stubborn, but once I make up my mind, I won't change it, even if I lose money thereby."

On my future trips to that territory I would not stop in this customer's store, but would often drive by and wave to him, his wife, son, or clerk if any one of them happened to be in sight. Sometimes I would stop and buy country

produce, but rarely mentioned my line and never insisted that he buy.

Not long ago the sales manager made a trip to this territory with me and I let him do all the talking, and when we left he said: "I wouldn't waste any more time on him. I'd tell him to go to ————."

To tell the truth, I felt that way many times myself, but I also realized that he was very friendly to me and that my business was to sell my goods and not to give vent to my feelings.

Two weeks ago when I made my regular four weeks trip to that territory, I determined to either sell him or forever quit trying to. I said to him: "Mr. ————, it has now been over a year since you have made a purchase of me and I feel that I have paid a high price for what you have held against my house, even if they had done what you supposed they did. As you know, I am a new man in the business, and your patronage means more to me than it does to men who have been calling on their trade for ten years or so.

"I have gradually increased my business, and the house has rewarded me for it, but I have not yet arrived at the point where I can afford to lose even one customer. I will soon have an increase in my family, and that means that I must further increase my business.

"I have here a sample of the kind of coffee you formerly bought of me and I have a special price this week that is two cents under the market, and coffee will advance from one to three cents within a short time."

I then showed him figures on the visible supply of coffee, etc., that I was sure would cause the advance. He said he knew I had a good price, but he had plenty of coffee, and he hadn't changed his mind about buying from my concern. He showed me his stock of coffee and I told him why his stock was very small, considering the season and market conditions.

"Now, Mr. ————," I went on, "why not forget your feelings and use your judgment? Let me send you one bag

of this coffee and I will promise to never beg you for another order. I will call, if you have no objections, and show you my line, but I will not be as persistent as I have been today."

"Can you have it at number ———— North Third street by 8:30 tomorrow morning?" he asked. I assured him I would see that it was delivered by that time, and he had his son put one-half dozen cantaloupes in my machine for good luck.

I asked my sales manager to write him a letter, thanking him for the order and soliciting his future patronage, but he did not do so. I suppose he still thinks I should have told him to "Go to ————."

I made the sale because I knew I had sold myself to the man and made capital of his friendliness to me. From that time on I had his business.

CONVINCING THE BUYER ON QUALITY

By C. A. Bradley

SEVERAL years ago I owned a farm and attended personally to the marketing of the produce.

I had several acres of a new and choice variety of yellow, sweet corn.

I called on a grocery man having a clientele of discriminating buyers, showed him my samples, gave my sales talk claiming absolute superiority over any other sweet corn, and was met by the remark that he did not believe he could sell my corn to his customers as they were buying a white variety.

I smiled and said, "Mr. Blank, I am going to leave a sack of my corn and I want you to ask *five cents more* a dozen than you ask for the best corn you are handling and I will reimburse you for any of my corn you are unable to sell."

"All right," he said, "I'll do it."

I left one sack. A day or two later as I was passing his store he hailed me. "Say!" he cried, "I want some more of that corn. My customers are coming back and demanding more."

"All right," I said, "you can have all you can sell, on one condition. You must ask five cents more a dozen than you do for my nearest competitor's."

He agreed and for the remainder of the season handled my product to our mutual satisfaction as well as that of his customers.

SOLD A MAN WHO "WOULDN'T BUY"

By W. C. Ergood

A FEW years ago I was representing a large cake and cracker company. Being thoroughly sold on the line myself, it was hard for me to understand why every merchant did not carry our goods in stock, or at least, a part of the line. But I did find several who did not do so on account of price, and the strict methods used in handling accounts, which was good because they played no favorites when it came time for bills to be paid.

In a certain town in my territory I was selling every store where it was possible to sell cakes and crackers, excepting one, "The Big Store," the one I wanted most to sell for two reasons. One, because I was not selling them, the other because I realized their business was good and if I could get it, would amount to as much, and possibly more, in the end, than the total business from all the other stores in that town combined.

Believing sincerely that I had the very best line obtainable, I felt that of all places, it should be presented in the best stores in my territory. I felt as though somebody had fallen down on the job when they let this store get by. So I decided to go after that business, and if possible, to get it. I believed that this store surely must be having inquiries for my goods, and were substituting a cheaper product where it was possible to do so.

On my first call, I met a very pleasant gentleman, one of the firm, and learned that he did the purchasing when it came to taking on new lines of merchandise. This party, whom I will call Mr. Morgan, greeted me pleasantly enough, listened to what I had to say, and politely told me he would not stock my goods.

I rather expected this on my first visit. On my next trip I called again with the same result. I continued to call

each trip and got no encouragement to call again. After several fruitless visits Mr. Morgan one day said:

"Young man, you are wasting your time calling on us as we do not intend to stock your line because it is too high in price. We have another line which we are selling, and we buy it in such quantities that we are able to resell it in the original packages to many of the smaller stores throughout the country."

This was a flat turn-down and practically meant "keep out." I suppose the salesman before me got the same thing handed to him, considered it final, probably thought Mr. Morgan was right, and that he would be wasting his time by continuing to call there. But I just couldn't see it that way. I said:

"Mr. Morgan, I do not feel as though I have wasted any time by calling on you. I am obliged to make this town and always have some spare time before taking the train out. It has been a pleasure to have met and talked with you, even though I did not sell you anything, and if you do not object, I would like the privilege of coming in if only to say 'Howdy' when I am in your town."

"Why certainly, come in any time. I did not mean that I did not want you to come in to see us. Thought possibly you could use the time to better advantage among the other merchants as we have no idea of buying your line of goods."

I thanked him, and went on my way, but with the determination to call again each time I made that town.

In time Mr. Morgan and I became fairly well acquainted, but on my continued visits I seldom mentioned my line of goods, but was watching for the opportunity to present itself when I might get him.

His firm had decided to build a large modern store building to take better care of the different departments of their business. The new building was to occupy quite a good part of the block and I watched it being built with much interest. When it was completed, they were moved in and all settled, I dropped in and hunted up Mr. Morgan to congratulate him

on the fine new store. Finding him in a very good humor, I said:

"Mr. Morgan, you certainly have a beautiful up-to-date storeroom." I meant it, too, because it was. He smiled and said:

"That's what we think."

"Looking around over the different departments, Mr. Morgan, and noticing the class of merchandise you are handling, I would judge you are catering to the best trade in the country."

"That is just what we are doing," he replied.

"The best trade is calling for our cakes and crackers, Mr. Morgan."

I shot this remark at him quick, and in a confident way, looking straight at him to see what effect it might have. I believed this was my best opportunity to connect up if I was ever going to do so. It had the right effect. I noticed a smile come to his face, and I knew I had him.

He realized what I said was true. There was no comparison regarding the quality between the goods he was forcing on his trade, and what I wanted to sell him.

His only advantage was price which, in this case, really was no advantage because the quality, quick turnover in sales, and increased business he would get by handling my line, would offset the difference in price many times.

"How much did you say your crackers were worth?" he asked.

"Fifty cents per dozen," I replied.

"Supposing I give you an order for one hundred dozen, what then?"

"Still no difference in price if you wanted to order ten times that amount, but I don't want to sell you a hundred dozen at this time, Mr. Morgan. Order twenty-five dozen, see how they sell. Keep your stock fresh. Should you need more before I return, mail a postal to the house and you will have a fresh supply in two or three days."

"All right, have it your way. Let them come along."

I booked that order, and in doing so, felt as good over it as if I had sold one of my regular customers a carload.

On the quantity sold I had figured about right. On my next visit they were all gone, as I wanted them to be. Mr. Morgan was well pleased and ready to give me a repeat order. I not only got an increased order for crackers, but sold him a full line of goods.

I soon had a cake and cracker department all my own in that store and could walk in, arrange my stock and take my own orders, but I was always careful in booking these orders, just as careful as I would be if I was buying for a store of my own.

Needless to say, in a short time my business in that town increased over 100 per cent.

This particular sale taught me never to be discouraged because of a few turn-downs. Nor to stay away from any place where it was possible for my goods to be sold.

A salesman cannot continually call on a merchant but what sooner or later he becomes acquainted, and if he calls constantly without making himself obnoxious to his prospect by trying too hard to force the sale of his goods, some time the opportunity will present itself when a sale can be made.

Anybody can take orders from the one who wants to buy, but it takes planning, and thinking, to sell the man who says he doesn't want to buy.

The proposition of selling is making the other fellow think as you are thinking—that he should have your goods.

I made three rules for myself which I have always lived up to when selling. They are, first—never lie to a prospect. Second—never stuff an order, and third—never beg for an order. I believe these rules, lived up to, combined with earnest efforts, belief in what you are selling and confidence in yourself will put a salesman over the hurdles and on the home stretch to success.

SOLD A MAN WHO WAS NOT INTERESTED

By A. F. Thompson

SOME years ago I was selling credit systems. One day, I called on a merchant whom I had never seen before, approached him in my usual manner, and was treated very courteously. After a few minutes he told me that he was not interested in my line as he had a credit system which was working very well and therefore had no reason to buy another.

I told him that I had a few hours to spare and would like to tell him more about our system so that he would be better acquainted with it, and so that when his business warranted, he would know something about our system. He said, however, it would be a long time before he would need a better system than the one he had in use.

I went on telling him about our system and finally told him that he could not appreciate it until he saw it on his counter. I asked him if he would allow me to bring it up and demonstrate it so that he could then have a better appreciation of its value compared with the system he now had.

To this he replied: "I should say not. I am not interested enough to listen to your system, say nothing about looking at it. I would not buy dollars for fifty cents at this time," and with that he went out to lunch. However, before I had seen the merchant I had had a friendly talk with the head clerk, so when my prospect went out to lunch, the head clerk said:

"There's no use talking to Mr. ———— about your system because he told me he's through buying any equipment for the store."

I was not satisfied with this, as I felt that this merchant really needed a new credit system and also felt that he had become somewhat interested in my proposition. I went over to his credit system and started to open it when all the paper

fell out. The clerk then came over to me and said that I would have to be very careful, otherwise all the papers would spill out. I questioned him as to the system and asked if the papers have ever fallen out. He replied that it usually happened a couple of times a week, and then it took an hour or more to get them straightened out.

At this point I left the store and went to arrange to have my sample system sent up, and when the merchant returned from lunch, I had my system all set up. When he saw this he exploded and called me 'most everything but a gentleman. When he got over his tantrum I started talking to him with a most pleasant smile on my face. I told him that I knew he was the leading merchant in his town and I wanted him to see my system if both the system and myself were thrown out, because I could then say that I had shown it to the leading merchant in town.

He started to smile, and then I started to make my demonstration. Within thirty minutes I had a signed order and a check for the first payment. He smiled—and did I smile?

NO EASY TASK

By T. Sommers

A FEW years ago I located in a small western town and opened an electrical store, doing general electrical contracting, handling supplies and fixtures, and helping to establish a "load" for the municipal plant which was under construction. Some of the residents were to use electric lights for the first time in their own homes and it took salesmanship to get a contract, wire the house or building, and collect before the plant was ready to operate. But the "hard sale" came later and was sold to the Town Council.

The plant started and everything was operating nicely, but only from dusk to midnight. Later on the service hours were increased and we had current until daylight. This kind of service was all right for our business as far as wiring for lights was concerned, and for the sale of a few fans or irons if the customer wished them bad enough to use only at night. Our career was nearing an end unless we could "sell" the Town Council on a twenty-four hour service. We had no public water system, the modern homes and buildings had their own private pressure-tank systems and used gasoline engines to operate the pumps. A twenty-four hour system or service would mean the sale of quite a few motors to take the place of these engines.

So I set quietly about, covering the entire town and got a prospective list of fans, irons, motors, and various appliances, according to the individual's needs, things they would buy providing we got a twenty-four hour service. I then placed the figure opposite each article, showing the amount of current used, added this up, got my data all ready and asked permission to speak at the next meeting of the Board. You can realize the amount of business it meant to us, in fact, it was stand or fall right there and I went after it with the proper force. The Board decided it would pay and ordered the continuous service.

It was an easy matter, then, of course, to follow up the list and furnish the articles agreed upon. "Selling" the Board was made all the harder on account of one of the Board members being a competitor of ours who had tried to put us out of business several times before, and soon after opening our shop an ordinance was passed which affected us directly in the display of our fixtures, but this emergency was met without loss of time or business.

I consider this my hardest sale because it meant either the death or life of our business at that time.

MADE THEM SELL THEMSELVES

By J. O.

THE majority of my dealers are convinced that where their argument ends mine begins and they expect me to sign up the prospect after they have failed. The word "failed" has been knocked out so many times it is only an exceptional case that I am called for a return bout. It was on the 14th inst., I was called to sell a church committee and the only thing to consider was price and terms. Owing to the fact that the congregation was small and poor, prices and terms had been submitted by a number of competitors and I knew that we could meet neither of them. I, therefore, arranged to be the last speaker. I kept away from the price and terms and spent about one hour and fifteen minutes in educating the committee in heating and ventilating. The circulation of air, how to fire in order to save fuel and get the best results, the future prospects of enlarging the church, the location of the furnace, etc., until they were all interested in the future as well as the present. It only took a few moments to bring out the superior points in our furnace and with a photograph of the furnace in the hands of the committee I asked them which furnace they would prefer—prices being equal. Our furnace was the unanimous verdict.

I then asked them why? They began to bring out the good points, also the advantage in the installation, to such an extent I was surprised. They had been EDUCATED ON SOMETHING BESIDES PRICE AND TERMS. I told them our terms were cash, ten days, but I would make them the same price as the lowest bidder if they would pay cash. This they agreed to and started to tell me what the lowest bid was. I asked them to call in my competitor and ask him what he would sell his furnace for by the pound. If he asked fifteen cents a pound that would be my price. They had sold themselves, and I enclosed the order accompanied by a check in full which was $63.00 higher than the highest bid.

OUT OF THE BEATEN PATH

By W. S. English

IN 1910 I was Salesmanager of the Incandescent Light and Supply Co., Columbus, Ohio, who at that time were manufacturing gas mantles, and while it was not the largest concern of its kind in the business it made a mighty good gas mantle. The trouble we had, however, was in convincing the prospective buyer of this fact.

In some territories our salesmen sold direct shipments while in others we sold through jobbers and thus in addition to looking after the salesmen it devolved on me to personally call on jobbers in Ohio and keep them lined up.

One day the president of the company called me into his office and questioned me concerning our business with the Capitol City Merchandise Co. and upon learning that we had not yet sold them practically put it up to me to see that we did.

I later learned that the president was better acquainted with this company than I was and he had merely given me a nice little nut to crack just to see what I would do with it.

Their business was placed on a yearly contract basis and when the time came for the letting of this contract I had my "day in court," explained our proposition thoroughly along the lines of the beaten path in Salesmanship and exerted my best efforts to convince the buyer that we were the lawful heirs-at-law of that next contract but was unable to close him. He finally said he would go over the propositions submitted thoroughly that night and give me his decision at 9 o'clock the next morning.

You may believe that on this particular night I did not sleep very much. I went over the whole proposition from beginning to end and finally concluded that my weakness lay in not being able to convince the buyer that our mantles were

BETTER than those of my competitor, which was the largest concern of its kind in the United States.

It is easy enough to TELL a buyer that one gas mantle is better than another, but it is much harder to CONVINCE him.

Hour after hour I pondered until nearly morning and like a gleam of light across a night of darkness came the answer!

The next morning at five minutes to nine I walked boldly into the offices of the merchandise company only to be met by the buyer with the greeting: "Well, Mr. English, I guess you lose. We talked the matter over last night and have decided to continue with our present source of supply as their goods are well advertised, etc." You know how they ease the bad news to a salesman and naturally expect him to smilingly take the air and gracefully fade away.

I DID NOT FADE as expected, but came right back with "Mr. Long, if I can convince you beyond the shadow of a doubt that mantle for mantle and price for price our goods have more thorium and cerium oxide in them than those of our competitor, will you reconsider your statement and give me another chance at that contract?"

He smiled and said, "Yes, but I hardly believe you can do that."

To which I replied: "If I did not feel confident that I could I would not ask you for another second of your time. If you will step back to your office, we can soon decide the matter."

He ushered me into his private office, invited me to be seated and instead I got to work, opened my grip, laid out a number of my competitor's mantles and some of my own and then from a small box, I took out a pair of apothecary scales!

He sat up and took notice.

I next took a sales slip from a local store out of my pocket and laid it before him and said: "Mr. Long, the mantles which I am going to use in this demonstration were purchased this morning at that store; both my own and my competitor's were

taken from stock as you will note from that bill, if you care to check them up."

He said: "That is not necessary, go ahead. I will take your word for it."

After explaining the process of mantle making with which he was more or less familiar, I weighed a mantle of my competitor which was to retail at ten cents and had him mark down the weight. I then burned the mantle up which merely burns the collodion off of it and leaves the chemical of which it is made and we re-weighed it. We went through the whole line from ten cent mantles up to twenty-five cent ones in both upright and inverted and upon checking the result found that the statements I had made to him were absolutely correct. Mantle for mantle and price for price our mantles contained more actual thorium and cerium oxide than those of my nearest competitor, while in a few the difference was very small yet it got my claims across.

After a discussion of amounts, special labels, etc., we wrote up the year's contract with an immediate delivery of several thousand and a stated amount to be shipped each month.

After thanking him for his reconsideration and receiving a hearty, "You are entirely welcome," he told me that he believed he had profited more by this transaction than I, for he had learned the expert's way of telling which is the better mantle.

I did not tell him that I had only learned it myself the night before.

The next car took me out to the factory and I had the pleasure of reminding the president of the conversation we had several months before concerning this company and then laying my contract and orders on his desk.

I evaded a direct answer to his surprised question as to how I did it and I do not believe to this day he knows how that order was secured.

I got it by going out of the beaten path and securing a pair of apothecary scales to use in "bringing home the bacon," and they are here before me as I write, mute reminders of their splendid service to me when a "feller needed a friend."

HIS BEST SALE TAUGHT HIM A VALUABLE LESSON

By E. P. Moore

IN the year 1910, I was elected president and manager of a new wholesale grocery company, the first one in the city and sometime during the summer of 1911, I bought a future contract of canvas gloves, one hundred dozen. This item was very little known in our territory at that time and I became uneasy for fear that I had overbought. I decided to go over a certain portion of our territory, to get acquainted with our customers, and, among other items, took with me samples of these gloves. When I had returned after a four-day trip I had booked exactly one hundred dozen gloves—my largest customer having bought twenty dozen. Full of enthusiasm in my success, the following week I started out with my samples to call on some of our city trade.

What I have just related, I did, so as to give an idea of my condition of mind in relating to you the following instance of sale:

I had figured my customer and decided being close to a saw-mill I must sell him twenty-five dozen. I elaborated about having sold one customer twenty dozen and he very sneeringly remarked that this was a very small quantity of gloves. I raised my sights to fifty dozen and saw this was not large enough, and finally signed his order up for one hundred dozen gloves, immediate shipment. Feeling that I had not yet sold this customer enough gloves from his manner of talk, I suggested that I duplicate the shipment in thirty days which was perfectly satisfactory. The goods were shipped, and the customer accepted and paid for them.

I consider this my best sale because I had really sold this customer eight times the quantity I intended to and this particular sale has been the means of much business and taught me that one of the greatest essentials toward making a sale is *knowing your customer's capacity.*

GAVE A LESSON AND SECURED AN ORDER

By L. L. LaGrange

ON MY first two trips to Muskogee, Okla., Boen's C. O. D. was one of the largest free delivery grocery stores in the town. On my first trip he bought an order of Burnett's Extract from me, but on my second visit I found that it had not sold as it should. Mr. Boen told me that his clerks following the path of least resistance continued to give their customers the 25 and 35 cent sellers.

On my last trip there I found that he had changed his place into a Help Yourself Grocery. After talking a few minutes on the change that he had made he told me that they had only a few bottles of Burnett's left, but as it did not sell very fast they had put it in with the 35-cent extract and were putting it all out at 33 cents.

At this time Mr. Boen was called to the phone and I went back and found that he had only a few bottles of Burnett's in vanilla and lemon. I separated them from the rest, spread them out on a shelf by themselves and then put a 38-cent price tag on them.

I then called him back to show him the new arrangement, telling him that the only way a lady had of judging the quality of an article was by the price she paid for it, and by selling Burnett's for what it was really worth it would increase his sales of Burnett's and at the same time he would do his customers a favor by letting them know what he considered the best.

While the order he gave me was not large it gave me as much pleasure as any order that I have ever written.

HE DIDN'T GIVE UP

By Burt Greenwood

FOR over twelve years various representatives of my firm had tried, and failed, to sell glue to the Blank Company, large manufacturers of cold water calcimine and paints.

Our price was on a par, or if anything, higher than that of competitors, and the purchasing agent of the Blank Company could not see the advantage of changing his source of supply when the slightest variation of quality or characteristics of the glue he bought would necessitate costly changes in their formulae.

Glue is not graded until after its manufacture has been completed, due mostly to the varying degree of evaporation when it is crystalized. I knew that to sell this concern at all, I would first have to convince their officials that we could absolutely duplicate the quality of glue they were then using very satisfactorily.

On my first visit to the Blank Company's plant, I obtained an interview with their chemist, who, I had learned from other representatives of ours, tested every commodity they used before it entered their product.

"Mr. Brown, your company uses huge quantities of glue, and my firm—one of the largest manufacturers of glue in the country—are very desirous of getting more serious consideration from you. Will you let me have a sample of the glue you now use so that we may test it in the same manner that we grade our own product, and thereby be in a position to quote you intelligently when you are again in the market?"

He gave me a sample, and after our laboratories had completed their analysis, I personally took Mr. Brown a generous counter sample of our glue. A grade that was as nearly the same as we could guarantee to supply large quantities of, as the sample he had given me.

He made a careful test of our glue and finding it fully equal in quality to that which he had been using, took me into the main office and introduced me to their purchasing agent, a gentleman I had carefully avoided until I had established a basis of trade.

I talked long and earnestly to that man, elaborating on every selling point I had. Convinced that we could duplicate the quality of glue they had been using, he listened attentively and finally reached for an order blank.

"What," he inquired, "is that the best price you can make us?"

I named our lowest figure and then the fun began.

"Too high," he snapped. "I'm sorry but we are not interested," and abruptly terminated the interview.

Subsequent visits were of no avail. 'Phone calls were cut off short as soon as he learned our price was unchanged.

There were many things which warranted the slightly higher price, but I could not get another hearing. Our factory was within trucking distance of theirs. We were in a position to deliver them glue as called for, billing each delivery as a separate sale at the quantity figure. Such service would release money otherwise tied up in idle stock—prevent demurrage rates on the cars of glue continually coming to them, and would release valuable warehouse space.

But how to get these facts before him without antagonizing him?

I resorted to the mails, and wrote him a series of letters. In each letter I outlined *one* thing which warranted the slightly higher price, and closed by asking the favor of another hearing. Eight such letters were written, before I obtained the desired hearing—but I did obtain it, and furthermore, I sold him. My high-price arguments had won.

It took three months to do it but selling him, Oh Boy! What a grand and glorious thrill that gave me, not to mention more material compensation.

THE UNEXPECTED APPROACH

By T. Z. Watson

AT A luncheon recently given to stimulate interest, attended by sales managers and salesmen from 35 firms who are national advertisers, a very interesting feature was introduced. Volunteers were requested in a five minute talk, to demonstrate the sale of an article which they had never sold or were not familiar with.

Silk hosiery was selected on this occasion. The chairman, finding it hard to secure volunteers, finally invited me to make the demonstration in these words, "As the oldest salesman present with over 50 years' experience, I wish you would demonstrate this sale, in order that we may all see the difference between the old time and present day methods of selling merchandise."

I could not very well refuse. I realized that it was strictly up to me and I determined not only to demonstrate, but actually make the sale.

On my way to the table on which were displayed the samples, order blanks and literature, I got an inspiration and knew it would win. I held up the sample for inspection of all and turning round, invited the lady attendants who had served the luncheon to stand in a row. I then said "Here is a sample of pure silk ladies' hosiery, and there stand the neatly costumed, pleasant faced young ladies who have so nicely served us. As a mark of our appreciation, and in order that these young ladies will always remember the specialty salesman, I am going to ask each of you to buy a share in this box of hosiery, and present each of these charming girls with a pair of silk hose. Shares will be 25 cents each, and I will start with you, sir" (pointing to a bright faced, happy young man). Every person present bought and paid for his share. The hosiery as well as the salesmen's commission was distributed to the young ladies.

The whole transaction occupied less than the five minutes allowed, during which attention was arrested, interest created, desire aroused and the cash paid.

To me, it demonstrated once again that the unexpected approach is the biggest end of the battle. Here were a roomful of specialty salesmen and managers without an intention of buying, all prepared to have some fun with the volunteer selling a new line of goods, astonished by the unexpected approach, and cheerfully buying something before they woke up to the fact that the old bird was putting something over on them.

FOUND A LOOPHOLE

By L. J. Dykes

THE hardest sale I ever made only amounted to twenty-five dollars, but every one of those five dollar bills looked as big as a barn door to me when I collected them, and furthermore the sale resulted in my securing a position selling automobiles for a firm that usually has a long waiting list of eligibles.

The sale was made to a man who was a salesman himself. And what made the sale difficult was the fact that it entailed selling an idea, an idea that at first appeared highly ridiculous to the man who eventually bought it. I sold him the idea that he ought to let me teach his wife to drive a car, although she had been driving five thousand miles a year for twelve years.

I had landed in this city with only a few dollars, and in a few days I was broke. It happened that this was a city with a very aggravated traffic problem, and the civic authorities were continually trying schemes of all kinds to better the situation. At this time the Chamber of Commerce was about to conduct a contest to determine who was the best woman driver in the city.

A similar contest had been put on in a city further up the coast a few weeks before, and the contest won by the lady representing the Buick agency. This fact resulted in a lot of free publicity for that car, so I hunted up the local agent in the city where I had become stranded, and asked if he was going to have a representative in the contest. He said he was, and furthermore, she was going to win. I then asked how he would like to have her chances for winning materially improved. I told him I would like to give her some lessons in driving with that end in view.

At that he exploded. The lady in question was his own wife; she had been driving cars for twelve years; he had taught her personally, and she was the best he ever saw; and

so on. I never attempted to stop him, just waited till he had got out of breath. I then asked him how well she knew the traffic rules, pointing out how important that was, inasmuch as a knowledge of them was to count twenty-five per cent with the judges of the contest. It happened that was the very thing he had never thought of. I then went on to explain that I had made a very careful study of the traffic laws of both city and state, and that I was sure that I could help him, or his wife, or anyone, to a much better knowledge of them, if given an opportunity.

He said he would think it over, and asked me to come back next day. I left, but there was a phone call for me from him when I got to my room at noon. He wanted me to come down and meet his wife that afternoon.

The upshot was my engagement to give the lady some lessons at two and a half dollars an hour, with a bonus of twenty-five dollars in it for me if the Buick won the contest.

The lady was a wonderfully intelligent driver, very careful and very skillful with the wheel. But there were several little fine points she had neglected all her life, and I was able to point out to her how they would influence the judges' decision against her if not corrected.

I gave her four lessons, and she has always given me credit for the fact that she won. And her husband put me on his selling force next week, with a nice drawing account that my sales record since seems to have justified.

OVERCOMING A HARD OBJECTION

By Ben B. Brands

I SELL Health and Accident Insurance, and, as most people look upon insurance of any kind as a liability instead of an investment, it is sometimes rather hard to put it over, although by telling the prospect about the benefits the care and comfort he will receive when he does actually need it, instead of persuading him to buy by frightening him or by picturing all sorts of accidents and calamities, most of them will sign an application.

I have one policy that is particularly good, so good that most people won't believe it possible. I have had to do a lot of explaining as to how the company can give as good a policy for so low a rate, but one day a particularly stubborn prospect, whom I had approached several times, gave me the talk that wins most of them over.

I had called on him several times to get his application for this policy, but his argument was that it was too unreasonable —no company could give such a policy and remain solvent. We were sitting in his living room, I trying to convince him it was a sound policy by a sound company, he refusing to believe it.

On the table were various magazines, catalogs, etc., among which was one from a ready cut house company opened at page showing a five-room house for less than $1,000. This gave me an idea to get this prospect started to contradict himself. I picked up the catalog, asking him if he was interested in buying that house. He said, "yes," and explained that that was the house he was going to get.

Then I started telling him that no company could furnish such a house at such a price, if it did, the material couldn't be worth much or else they had to skimp on the size, etc., using the very objections to his house that he had used on my policy. I wanted to know why he believed that company

could furnish that house for that price. He said he had seen one like it erected, knew the quality of material was good, knew the company was good, and able to furnish that house at that price because it was popular and could be made in quantities. He explained how quantity production cut down cost. Then I had him, replying that my company could issue these policies on quantity production also. We could print them by the thousands and sell them that way.

It was the thousands that were sold, and the small per cent that applied for the indemnity that made it profitable for the company. He signed right then and is now bragging as much about my policy as he is his house.

MADE HIM PAY ATTENTION

By C. W. Childs

ONE of the buyers in my territory was noted as a "goat-getter," because of his absolutely ignoring the presence of a man until it suits him to talk—and this no matter whether the caller saluted or not.

I landed there on my first trip without knowledge of the extreme peculiarities of the man. On entering this small office containing three men, and saying, "good morning," the only response was a grunt and on a request for the buyer a thumb was jerked over a shoulder to indicate the man desired. I spoke to the gentleman, who looked up, and then resumed his work. Though I made two other attempts both were ignored and after about forty-five minutes he turned with a "Well, what's on your mind?" But I was frozen out and the "goat" was loose. Well what would you do?

I figured the only way to get his real attention was to beat him at his own game, so on the next trip I saved a lot of memoranda. Then on entering the office said, "Good morning," sat down alongside the buyer's desk, and proceeded to be very busy with the memoranda. About ten minutes of this and then an inquiry out of the corner of his mouth as to what I wanted. This I didn't hear. Another five minutes of writing memos, and he swung about in his chair and from that time on gave courteous attention.

"TOO DARN MUCH STUFF"

By Walt Krueger

AS IS very often the case, one of my smallest sales might be considered my best. I had been selling kitchen equipment, and was having such good success that I prided myself on being able to sell at least one article to every prospect who saw my equipment.

However, this condition could not continue forever, and I thought that the end of my string of successive sales had come when I called upon a tight-fisted old farmer and his wife. It is difficult to describe them, but if you have sold to farmers, you know this type. They were very nice people, but—oh, so cautious and careful with their money.

They had little to do on this particular afternoon, so they welcomed me very graciously, more as a visitor than a salesman. They thoroughly enjoyed my display of utensils and showed a genuine interest in my sales talk until it came time for them to buy or state the reason for not buying. Then their attitude changed.

She was a fine elderly woman who never spent a cent on herself or her kitchen, but she did want a certain combination set that I had. He, however, was the proverbial "close" farmer who wouldn't spend a dollar for the house, but who would spend hundreds of dollars for tools for the farm. She was sold. She wanted my utensils and would have bought them had she had the money. But he was far from sold, and I could see that it would take more than eloquence to sell him. He sat with his arms and legs crossed and his jaw set. He knew that I wanted to sell him, and he was ready to fight to the finish.

He admitted that my utensils were good, but that his wife had "so much darned stuff" that he couldn't afford to buy any more. I called his bluff by stepping into the pantry and pulling out the few antiquated pots and pans that his wife

was attempting to cook with. I proved to him that the combination his wife wanted did the work of four major pieces, none of which she had. Suddenly, I exclaimed. "She needs it and she wants it. Will you buy it for her?"

What could he say? Of course, he bought.

TALKED FOUR HOURS WITHOUT A RESPONSE

By Louise K. Smith

THE best sale I ever made was a ten-thousand-dollar policy to a man who spoke only four words in my presence.

I am a life insurance saleslady and I canvass almost entirely the farmers, because I thoroughly believe that they should carry protection for the overworked wife.

I had worked a certain little valley so well that I couldn't have scared up another prospect with a fine-tooth comb, when one of my friends told me that a rich cattle-man about twenty miles distant had married a widow who was very anxious for him to carry plenty of insurance.

That sounded like business and so I set out post-haste with my little buggy and slow team, for those roads wouldn't accommodate an automobile. After three hours of March slush and mud I arrived at my destination to find the most charming little woman it had been my pleasure to meet in that part of the country.

In true Western style I was invited in and made comfortable before she asked me the nature of my business. I frankly told her that I had come to sell her husband some life insurance, but that I would prefer to talk to him on the subject in the morning, as I was very tired that evening.

She said that he was busy outside with the chores and would probably be tired and wet when he came in, and no doubt, it would be better to defer our business until morning. Then the little lady and I proceeded to get acquainted, finding that we knew several localities and many people in common.

At last the husband appeared and we were properly introduced. He was a great, tall giant with a pleasant face and he seemed as bashful as a country schoolboy. He didn't say a word during the whole evening—not one—not even at dinner. And yet he did not appear surly or rude, just quiet.

Immediately after dinner I went to my room to fortify myself with a good night's rest before tackling the sphinx.

In the morning he nodded pleasantly when we met at the breakfast table and again ate his meal in silence. I had made up my mind to tackle this speechless giant just as soon as he had swallowed his last bit of breakfast, and I did.

I was seated beside him and instantly I had my wallet and sample policy on the table, and life-insurance was the topic of the monologue; for my prospect still refused to speak.

Carefully I went through every feature of our policy, the protection, accident benefits, surgical operation, optional settlement at the end of twenty years, and so on. Not one comment did I get from the bashful giant, not even a grunt. He just sat there and thought in that sphinx-like way of his.

I went back and reviewed with great elaboration the features of the policy that I thought might interest him most. Still not a word, but he looked interested.

I approached the thing from every conceivable angle that occurred to me. Now I have the reputation of being a fluent talker but to maintain a one-sided conversation for four hours and not appear nervous, would tax even a woman's ingenuity. Usually I get a counter argument, something to give me a fresh start, but there I sat talking against that man's silent thoughts from seven o'clock until eleven. Of course, the little lady would ask a question or make a comment once in a while, but not once did she say, "You'd better take it."

Finally I had a sort of a hunch that I'd get him that very minute or never. So I pushed a blank application over toward him and laughingly said, just as if it didn't matter in the least whether he did or not, "You might as well sign this now, for I'm going to stay here until you do."

I'll never forget the shock of really hearing his voice. He actually grew fluent. "Well, I don't care," he drawled as he signed his name. Then he went to his work leaving his wife to give me the necessary details for the application.

That was the hardest sale I've made in ten years of selling life insurance.

A LITTLE STRATEGY

By Wm. A. Torney

I BELIEVE that sales are quite often made by the *mental alertness* or strategy of a salesman.

I am in the life insurance profession which is one profession that requires the maximum amount of this quality which I term "mental alertness," if a salesman of this service is to succeed.

There is a certain progressive, retail men's clothing establishment in my town, the proprietor being a good prospect for insurance, but who was very hard to interview without interruption, and who would not discuss business affairs at home. I had resolved to sell this man, so I decided to talk to him across the counter. He stood behind a show case and listened quite courteously to my talk but I could see that he was not digesting it by any means, and that something must be done to make my words register.

I was in the market for a blue suit at the time, so I changed my talk very abruptly and said:

"Say, Mr. ——, have you any good blue suits in stock?" Well, sir, he came to life with a jerk and replied:

"Sure, just come upstairs." You bet I followed on. It was just what I wanted—to get him up there where there would be fewer interruptions.

He showed me his stock of suits. I showed especial interest in one particularly. He picked it up and said:

"Mr. ——, that suit's a dandy. It just fits you—is rightly priced—and is just what you need." I replied:

"It certainly is, Mr. ——, and so does that policy I was explaining just fit your conditions—is rightly priced—and is just what you need."

There was not much left to be said. I paid for the suit

with the commission I received as a result of his signature on the good old dotted line, and today he is one of my biggest boosters.

So my advice to salesmen of all lines is: "Keep yourselves in a state of mental alertness always." You'll find it pays.

STRATEGY IN DEMONSTRATING

By H. L. Hartsock

A FEW years ago I was selling carbide lighting plants in one of the southern states. There were four well-to-do farmers living close together and about four to five miles out of the town where I was making headquarters. One of them was also a wholesale and retail seed, grain and feed merchant in the town and a kind of a leader among the other three. They had been considering running a high tension line from town and putting city lights in their homes, and after spending some time trying to get them interested in my plant I was convinced that if I could sell the leader the others would be easy, but unless I could get his order it was useless to talk to them. I went to his place of business several times and tried to make an engagement to give him a demonstration but in a nice way he would tell me that he was not interested in any kind of a proposition except lights from the city and wouldn't give me a chance to show what I had. I even went out to his home one evening, thinking that he would give me a chance to show him my lights and explain my proposition. He invited me in to visit with him and treated me very nicely but under no circumstances would he let me demonstrate or even talk to him about a lighting plant.

About a week later, I had been further out and made a sale and was returning to town. As I passed the leader's house, about 9:30 p. m., I saw a light in his room and thought of a plan to give him a demonstration. I stopped my Ford in the middle of the road right in front of his house, opened up the carburetor one full turn so that when I cranked the motor it would flood and stop, then as a pretense of having to have a light to see how to fix the car I charged and fired up my demonstrator. I then beat and hammered on the old car for some ten or fifteen minutes before I got his attention, but at last he came out and when he recognized me he said, "Why,

hello, is that you, Mr. Hartsock, what's the trouble with your car?'' I said, ''She just stopped and won't run anymore.'' After some time trying to help me find the trouble, he said, ''Is that the light you have been telling me about?'' I told him, ''Yes,'' and kept on fooling with my car. He said, ''That is a better light than I thought you had. Would you mind taking it in the house for the folks to see after you get your car fixed?'' I told him ''I wouldn't mind'' and that ''I wanted to rest awhile on the car anyway so we may as well go in now.'' So in we went and in about thirty minutes I came out with his order for a light plant, readjusted the carburetor and went on my way rejoicing.

The next morning, armed with his signature on an order for a light plant I had no trouble in selling his three neighbors without even having to give them a demonstration.

MADE THE PROSPECT SEE THE PROPOSITION

By H. L. Hartsock

SALESMEN who have worked Missouri territory will agree that the fellow who said, "the man from Missouri has to be shown" was not guessing, but knew exactly what he was talking about. As proof of this statement, I offer the following:

There was a wealthy farmer in northern Missouri who would have nothing to do with a salesman or agent. Two or three of the boys from our company had called on him to try to sell him a lighting system and were turned away without even an interview. They told me about it and insisted that I try him. One very cold night in January I was passing his place and thought it was as good a time as I would get to give him a trial. As I went up to his porch, I saw him in one of the front rooms playing pool with a neighbor. In the other front room I saw two women which I took to be his wife and daughter. I rang the bell and he came to the door and said: "What do you want?" (in a gruff voice). When I told him my name and business he slammed the door, without a word.

I turned to go but being very cold and having seen a good fire in the wife's room and the determination not to be treated in such a manner caused me to turn again and try the door. I found it was not locked. I went in the hall to the wife's door and knocked and she opened the door and asked me in. I found her to be a very pleasant lady and after I had warmed up a bit, told her what I was selling and asked her consent to let me demonstrate to HER. She granted permission and she and her daughter were very much pleased with the light and asked me to figure the cost of a plant for their home. About the time I had the figures completed the man came into the room (his friend having left). He gave me a cold look, and

without speaking, picked up his paper and sat down in the back part of the room and started reading. After his eyes had become focused to the bright light, I turned my light out. There was a coal oil lamp burning in the room and he moved closer to it and blinked his eyes and tried to read. As soon as I thought he was getting so he could begin reading by the lamp I turned mine on again, and after a while off again. After teasing him for about an hour in this manner, being by this time thoroughly warm and very much elated over the fact that I had got in the house and made a demonstration, but not hoping to make a sale, I packed up my outfit, bade the ladies good night and started for the door. Up to this time he had not spoken. I had opened the door and was passing through it when he said (in the same rough voice), "Do you put a chandelier in each room with that outfit?" I said, "Yes." He said, "How much would it cost me to light this house with it?" Having the order already figured up and written, I set my case down and got the order out and handed it to him. He looked it over for a minute and said, "Where do I sign?" I showed him, he signed it and I bade him and his family good night, feeling that I had won a victory.

A LITTLE FLATTERY WON HIM

By E. V. Godley

THE best sale I ever made was, by the way, my FIRST sale; my first day as a salesman, and has paid me big dividends ever since.

After graduating from high school I went into my father's office as his private stenographer, taking my stenographic course at night. Father was engaged in the wholesale lumber business and it was necessary for him to travel a great deal of the time. After a little more than a year in the office I felt that I should travel and sell the lumber and father remain in the office. I was then in my twentieth year and had never had any sales experience. My father felt that I was too young and did not know enough about the lumber business; however, after weeks of persuasion father finally consented to let me try the road for a week. He made up my route sheet for the coming week, and early the following Monday morning I left for the first town I was to visit. My father had been in the lumber business for many years and was known by all of the dealers; therefore, I felt it would be easy for me to get orders.

The first dealer on whom I called had years before been a partner with my father in the retail business, which fact I knew; however, I had never met the gentleman. When I walked into his office on that Monday morning and introduced myself he was very cordial and seemed glad to meet me, but when he asked me what he could do for me and I informed him I was soliciting orders, he immediately changed from the pleasant to the most unpleasant attitude towards me and said something to the effect that he did not have any business for me and that I was wasting my time. He was very profane; in fact, almost abusive and I considered it very discourteous and could not understand why he had completely changed his attitude towards me when I had offered no offense.

I was young, impetuous and possessed a very high temper. Naturally, my first impulse was to resent the uncouth remarks directed at me; however, I decided, owing to this man having been a partner and then a good friend of my father's, that I should overlook what he said. I soon turned the conversation from lumber to other topics, and as it was then almost noon, I asked Mr. J. to take dinner with me. This immediately brought on more "trouble," for he profanely remarked that he NEVER accepted any favors from salesmen; he could not be subsidized by any salesman. I, of course, tried to explain that I merely wanted his company for dinner, etc., but it was useless to offer any explanation.

After trying to assure him that my invitation to dinner was not with any idea of getting him to give me an order, though he did not offer any apologies, or accept my explanation, I left his office very much "down-cast" and sorry that I had attempted the art of selling. I went to the hotel where I took stock of myself, trying to formulate some plan to again approach Mr. J. I could not see wherein I was wrong, nor could I think of any way to return to see him, without perhaps causing trouble.

Soon dinner was announced. After eating a good dinner I decided to return to see Mr. J. since I could not get out of the town until about 4 p. m. But it was hard to get up enough courage to return, for I felt I would again receive Mr. J.'s abusive language which, however, had never been personal. I thought I should TRY AGAIN, as I did not want to give up on my first prospect. But for the life of me I could not decide just what I would say or do when I returned. I was determined to see him again, and when I walked into his office I found him in his easy chair with his feet upon his desk. Without moving he said in a very rough voice: "You back here again?"

I replied: "Yes, Mr. J., I returned to visit with you until train time and, if agreeable, I would like to make an inspection of your yard, for I am anxious to get ideas, and have heard that you have a most modern and up-to-date yard here."

This little bit of "flattery" seemed to soften him, and he got up out of his chair and said he would be glad to take me through the yard. Now he did have a very modern yard; everything, except heavy timbers, was under shed, and the arrangement easy for loading. I, of course, passed compliments upon the yard; all the while making mental notes of many items he was very low on; some he did not have in stock at all. After ten or fifteen minutes in the yard, most of my conversation being complimentary to him, we returned to the office.

My desire was to immediately begin my sales effort to secure orders for items he did not have, but instead I told Mr. J. that the mill stocks were badly broken, many items not being in stock; that I was sure the dealers would have a big trade the coming fall (then about 45 days off). Then I pulled out the mill stocksheets and called attention to the fact that our mill had a good assortment of all lengths in the items that he did not have in stock (but did not tell him that I knew he did not have a stock of same)—the items I had made mental notes of. Soon he asked me for prices on these items as well as others, which I promptly quoted him.

Mr. J. had now become very docile and quite agreeable in voice and manner, and I casually remarked that I was sure our stock of the items I had mentioned would soon be exhausted and many dealers disappointed in not getting their supply of same. He asked to see the stocksheet, which I handed to him. Soon he began putting down some figures, and he then turned to me and said: "SHIP ME the following." When he had finished his list I had orders for FIVE (5) carloads of lumber; more than I had expected to sell him before getting off at his station.

I left Mr. J. a copy of the order, thanked him for the business and the courtesies shown me, etc., and told him that we appreciated his business very much and would expect him to wire or phone us collect should he need any additional stock before my next trip. I caught my train at 4 o'clock and landed at the next town, a few hours later, filled with the idea that IT PAYS NEVER TO QUIT.

This was my FIRST sale as well as MY BEST SALE and from it I gained a most valuable lesson: never argue or get out of humor with a prospect; never be discouraged, but keep plugging and do NOT pass up the so-called GROUCH, or "hard-boiled" prospect.

CRACKED A HARD NUT

By Morris Kugler

ONE of the most difficult sales in my experience was consummated on August 10, in the teeth of almost insurmountable obstacles brought about through no fault of mine. When a salesman takes over territory, along with some of the sweets he has much of the bitter to swallow, through the errors of commission or omission of his predecessor.

On the 16th of August I rolled into the town of G ————, and the first man I called on, Mr. Blank, greeted me when I made my mission known with such a storm as would have made any but the most hardened and callous veteran turn tail. He was a user of one of our earlier products but announced most emphatically that never would he deal with us again. He was laboring under a grievance, real or imaginary, that one of our former salesmen had pulled a raw deal on him. I did not dispute his contention, agreed with him that he was a victim of man's inhumanity to man, and then asked him if he had anything personal against me. He said, "No, but I won't do business with a concern who employs men of the other fellow's type." I told him that we sold our goods all over the United States; that we could not keep an eagle eye on all our men at all times on the road; that where we found a man guilty of such action as he claimed this individual was, that that gentleman's career with us was abruptly and unceremoniously ended, and that the fact that the party in question was no longer with us proved that no doubt Mr. Blank was right.

Mr. Blank seemed somewhat appeased, but said that anyhow my competitor had called on him recently and had favorably impressed him with his line and that he expected another visit from the same competitor shortly and had made up his mind to close a deal with him. I said, "All

right, Mr. Blank, buy his machine if you wish, but won't you have a look at mine while I'm here, out of curiosity, if nothing else?'' He said. ''Oh, what's the use; I'll not buy anything from your company so why waste my time and yours? You can go elsewhere and perhaps do business but you won't here with me.''

''Very well, then,'' I answered, ''here's the machine you won't buy,'' and without his permission succeeded in getting the machine on his counter, and prepared for the ''Battle of the Century.''

I took that machine apart, showed the tremendous strides of progress in construction we have made since the advent of our earlier model he was using, and dwelt in particular on those points of superiority peculiarly our own and which I knew were lacking in my competitor's machine. When I was through I knew I had him sold on our machine, but still in the back of his head there was lurking the rankling sense of injustice which nothing seemed potent enough to efface.

I then attacked him from another angle. ''Mr. Blank,'' I said, ''suppose you had another store instead of just one and that the clerk in your absence had stepped on a customer's corns, would you not consider it unfair to you if that customer had refused to listen to reason when you tried to restore his good will, and what would you think of him if he withdrew his patronage and insisted on dealing with another merchant from whom he was getting inferior goods and paying higher prices? You can see for yourself that our new machine is the one you want.'' Not receiving any response, I took it for granted that silence was consent and continued: ''So let's get together.'' But he answered, ''Nevermore!''

What's holding this man up, I wondered. I had him against the ropes, out on his feet, but he wouldn't go down. Here was a living example of what Byron had in mind when he wrote: *''Time at length makes all things even, and if we do but wait the hour, there never yet was human power, which can evade if unforgiven, the patient hate and vigil long of him who treasures up a wrong.''* I decided that my only chance in this final round was to throw down my guard, leave myself

temporarily wide open, and measure him for the soporific wallop. This I proceeded to do.

It is a human failing that we resent being preached to by one whom we believe is assuming a "holier than thou" attitude. I determined to come down from my superior perch to his level, to stoop to conquer, and to appeal to his nobility of character.

"Mr. Blank," I said, "I can't blame you in a way for taking the stand you're taking, because if I were in your place I would have no further dealings with a company any one of whose representatives had treated me as you claim you were treated, and I say this as a representative of this very concern. Why? Because I'm built that way, as pretty near every Tom, Dick and Harry is built; I believe in the 'eye for an eye' doctrine. But you, Mr. Blank, have been taught: 'If thine enemy smite thee, turn the other cheek,' and here's a wonderful opportunity for you to practice this teaching of heaping coals of fire on our heads—and incidentally benefit yourself."

At last I saw the gleam of the light of understanding in his eyes. He was going down, down, down. He's out. I counted the fatal ten over his prostrate body, and staggered out with the championship prize—his order and check.

MY MOST SATISFACTORY SALE

By A. E. Charlesworth

THE most satisfactory sale I ever made was in a Nebraska town and involved the small sum of fifty dollars.

On my previous trip I had sold this man an instrument for fifty dollars, and before my next visit the price of the instrument had been reduced to thirty-five dollars.

He was a hard-headed and fiery Dutchman. He insisted upon a rebate between the price sold of $50 and the reduced price of $35 and he was apparently set on getting it or forever boycotting both myself and my house.

He was a jeweler and I finally used this argument:

"Suppose you were to sell a man a watch today at $15 and make a profit of $5 and two or three months after you were able to buy that watch so that you could sell it for $12 and still make your margin of profit. Do you think it would be your duty either to yourself or your customer to hand him the profit you had made on your first sale?"

He agreed it would not be sane policy. Then I said, "We are in the same position regarding that instrument. When I sold you that machine, the selling price of fifty dollars was based on manufacturing cost. Now, through improved methods, production, etc., we are able to sell it at $35 and still maintain our profit, but the instrument sold you was produced on higher cost and before price reduction."

He saw the point and instead of throwing me out of his store, not only gave me a nice order but accompanied me to the train to say good-bye to me and I held him as a customer for about the ten years I made that territory.

This sale proved to me that an apparently hopeless situation can be overcome with the proper kind of thinking.

EDUCATED THE BUYER ON A FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLE

By H. W. Jarrow

ONE of the largest manufacturers in our field had a contract with the American Felt Company, which was taken in competition with their old supplier. While this contract was in force they developed a new product, with used parts, which did not come under the above-mentioned contract. These parts were placed on a competitive basis and bids asked for. In each case the old supplier, who was "out," would quote prices which did not afford a legitimate profit. It was merely a case of their trying to buy their way in.

These prices were placed before the American Felt Company salesman with the advice that he could have the order if he met these prices. We must bear in mind that this concern felt very friendly toward the American Felt Company because of their treatment and service on the contract which they had placed. As stated, the prices at which the competitor was taking the business showed no profit and sometimes a loss. With the knowledge that the American Felt Company could manufacture as cheap or cheaper than competitors, it was a question of retaining the good-will of this account, retaining their business, but retaining it at a profit.

The writer jumped on a train, and met the purchasing agent of this concern, with the salesman. He stated the danger of the competitive game, such as the buyer was playing. He held up the fact that a source of supply could not be a reliable source of supply unless it was allowed to make a profit that was legitimate, both to the buyer and seller. He proved his point of being able to manufacture and sell goods, quality considered, at as good a price or better than could be had in the market. He then proved the point of unreliability

of a source which was compelled to meet a certain price. This source would be unreliable in any of the following ways:

They would meet a price and would furnish material which was not up to standard. In other words, taking their profit in the manufacture of material, and not furnishing what was originally ordered—in which case they would prove unreliable.

They would take the order at a price named by the buyer, and furnish material as ordered, but if they did enough of this business, because the orders showed loss or no profit, they would be compelled to go out of business—in which case they would, also, be an unreliable source of supply.

The third alternative on the part of this seller would be to refuse to compete for the business and drop out of that particular line of business entirely, in which case they would not be a source of supply and would take from the market the largest manufacturer of that particular commodity, with a resultant rise in prices of all its competitors, in which case it would revert to the injury of the buyer.

In other words, it was proven to the buyer that a source of supply must have a legitimate profit. The buyer in this case readily saw the light and conceded the fact that the source of supply must have profits which are legitimate, and to this end they are sending their orders to the American Felt Company today without asking competing bids, or if they do, there is a leeway allowed for the fact that the supplier may be trying to buy their way into this concern at prices which allow no profit or show a loss.

The account is now on a profit-paying basis.

CASHED IN ON COURAGE

By Douglas Mack

IT occurred when I was a recruit. I had worked inside with my concern for two years, to master details thoroughly, and was then sent out "on the road," in a territory that had been in charge of a very competent salesman. Being given information regarding trade in Blank City, I was advised particularly regarding a Mr. B ————, a consistent customer. He was the possessor of a fearful, ofttimes uncontrollable temper, I was informed. In connection with his main business, he also operated a livery stable.

I called on him, and it was apparent to me that my youthfulness did not appeal to him. During our conversation he showed me a newspaper item wherein some of the town's eminent citizens were planning the organization of a Cruelty to Animals Prevention League, mentioning him as a chief offender. Indignantly he declared defiance. This angered me but with a large order in sight I kept quiet. Eventually the order was written and signed. Soon afterward a stableman led a horse into the courtyard, plainly visible from the office window, and began whipping it unmercifully. The blood surged to my head.

"Have him stop that," I demanded of Mr. B ————.

"Not on your life," he replied, "and I'd like to see someone else try to."

"I will," I snapped.

"You'll lose that order, if you do," came the threat.

I rushed out and vainly ordered the man to cease with the brutality. There was but one other course, and with the aid of my gymnasium experience, I took it. That one well-placed blow succeeded where words had failed. Then I went into the office and deposited the written order on the desk. "I'll lose my job, too," I remarked, and walked out.

When I returned to headquarters later, the order, with a letter of apology and admiration, had preceded me. In the years to follow this man became a protector of animals and one of my best friends. To me, this sale, and the subsequent results, will always be my best sale.

TOOK SIXTY DAYS!

By E. H. Wyman

THE best sale I ever made is still paying me a profit—has paid me thousands of dollars since the day I made the sale—and will in the years to come pay me many thousands of dollars more—a sale that took me sixty days to make and incidentally was the hardest sale I ever made as well as the best.

When I started selling I was like many another man. I considered myself a salesman, by simply electing I'd be one—never thinking of the results a doctor or a lawyer would get did he start being a doctor or a lawyer by but deciding to become such.

I started to work—full of pep—all hopped up with the idea I was a SALESMAN. Had my catalogue all dolled up, beautiful cards, a carefully prepared list of prospects. In fact, a most wonderfully prepared and perfected plan and a three days' knowledge of my line of goods.

I was already planning upon getting a better furnished apartment—in fact, had been to see an auto agency, as I surely would soon be able to afford a car.

I was going to knock them dead. Me, a college graduate, a live wire, a real salesman—nothing to it.

Well, my first call was at the news stand to get a morning paper. The second, a good hotel with comfortable lobby chairs, where I perused the paper. The third call was at the hotel cigar stand where I sold myself a fine cigar, then back to a more comfortable chair. The cigar finished I called upon a good shoe shining establishment and had my shoes polished. By this time it was nearly noon so decided to knock off work and go up to the Athletic Club for lunch.

After a good lunch I decided the list of prospects I had was

comprised of men who were big men, and would undoubtedly be out playing golf in the afternoon so felt it would be good sales policy to call upon them in the forenoon. This wise decision prevented me from wasting my afternoon so I picked out a good vaudeville show where I thought I'd get some good ideas as to approach by watching the actors make their entrance.

Went home very well satisfied with my day's work, had been busier than I had been for weeks and felt much better for my strenuous day.

The next and the succeeding days I was unable to see any of my prospects, for I was too busy looking up data, getting dope on firms who used my goods, getting up lists of prospects and making wonderful sales from the smoke of a good cigar as it floated up over the palms in the hotel lobby court.

Finally I found time to make a few calls, but when I got my hand on the door knob I took a real look at the door and something in the style of lettering gave me a real football hunch that the time was not right for that particular prospect to be called on, and just in time I caught myself from going in and spoiling a good sale—by not waiting for the psychological moment.

Thusly slipped away ten days and the eleventh I awakened to find it raining, gloomy and cold, a bad day for a salesman to work. The idea of going into business establishments wet and bedraggled I felt would be the height of sales folly—so turned over and took a little nap.

Finally I got up, dressed and while shaving I took a good look at my funny face in the mirror, and somehow got looking myself over. Something inside me said to my reflection in the mirror, "You are a fine salesman—just a bum dressed up like a salesman. No guts, no ambition, no nothing; just a mannikin-minded, backboneless bum with a few good clothes and a few dollars, God knows where from."

This was a rather hard line of talk to be handed to my funny reflection in the glass, but it started me thinking.

I sat down right there, and took my first inventory of myself. I didn't find much of a stock of goods, mostly shopworn, damaged, cheap junk; about twenty cents on the dollar was my conclusion. Yet way inside the heart of me I believed I was a salesman. I believed I was master of my own destiny. I believed I could have the things in life I most desired if I'd pay the price.

I took from my secret strong box the ideals, the beliefs my mother inculcated in me, taught me, sang to me at her breast, on her knee, and I found the strong box was rust eaten, that I'd let those treasures stay there for years unused, till I'd lost track of them, forgotten I once possessed them. I sorted them over one by one, each with its sweet memory of the giver, and when I finished I was astonished at all I once had possessed—the store of riches I had within and had failed to use for my own benefit.

I took off my coat—hung it over a chair—pulled up another chair—went out into the hall—put my hand on the door knob and found my wrist was no longer too stiff to turn the knob—walked in—up to my coat over the chair, shook the arm of the coat saying, "Good morning, Mr. ————, I'm your better self, the man your mother thinks you are, and I want to talk to you for a few minutes. I know you have the time and I have a few things I am going to sell you."

I started in. I was soon perspiring with the energy I used in selling my coat; ambition, right thinking, right living, organized effort, but before I finished, and it took me two hours, I sold my coat the idea of going to work and I got the name on the dotted line.

The conditions of the sale called for instant effort down and fifteen minutes a day in the mornings for sixty days selling my coat. The next morning I made my first payment with fifteen minutes' interest and each morning thereafter for sixty days I sold my coat, shook its arm, and pounded the chair. I sold it study, calls, work, exercise, regular eating and regular living. At the end of sixty days I had some habits; walking the floor reading aloud books on salesmanship, psychology, will power, memory and the habit once formed became auto-

matic. So I no longer make sales to my coat, but I eat my morning mental food as regularly as my breakfast and my mind demands it now the same as my stomach.

Selling myself on the idea of going to work was the best sale I ever made and incidentally the hardest, but the most profitable.

LOGIC WINS

By J. M. Oliphant

I WAS recently called in on a competitive deal, when the prospective buyer asked me frankly the weak points in my competitor's line, with the statement that my competitor had volunteered this information about our goods, and he wished to check the two up.

Mr. Blank, if you were hunting duck today, and shot into a flock of them, killing three, and wounding one, to which ones would you give the second shot? The wounded one, of course. And why? Because you had killed the other ones and the wounded one would get away. That's why it draws your fire.

In this case, you realize the other competitors are out of the case, and my competitor, also, is aware of the same thing, and I am the wounded duck which calls for another shot. He is afraid that I will get away with something, and were I familiar enough with the weak points in his line, I would not tell you but go direct to the manufacturer and make capital out of my knowledge by remedying the same.

I got the business.

A RATHER STRANGE INTRODUCTION

By HUGO BRUHN, SWEDEN

I SUBMIT this story because it proves the statement that a right introduction has a certain effect on the following interview. As all travellers know the first moments might be the most important and if you are the strongest then you are apt to remain the strongest throughout the sale. The first words will pave the way or bar it and on this special occasion I firmly believe I would have been unsuccessful had I acted otherwise; at least it was the quickest source to take.

I was travelling with a proposition where it was necessary to see the mistress of the house, for she was my prospect; the "hubby" came in later on but I simply had to see my lady first.

As travellers with like propositions know there are difficulties in obtaining a personal interview with the mistress and obstacles represented by porters, maids, etc., were frequent. One day when ringing the bell the maid who opened the door was ready to shut the door on me but I checked her by explaining that I did not call for her but rather for her mistress. "Please tell your mistress that I want to keep my appointment," whereupon I went in, deposited my case on a table and waited for the appearance of my lady. Yes, steps were heard approaching, but instead of my expected prospect her husband is rambling down the corridor and while coming up to where I stood he shook his head to indicate that they would not have anything of my affairs and to make this still more prominent he approached me with both his hands held up in front of him in a sort of a refusal.

Just as he came up to me and on the verge of speaking I seized my opportunity as well as both his outstretched hands in a firm handshake saying: "Good morning, Mr. ————, really, it is awfully nice of you to receive me in this cordial manner. It is not in every place they greet me with *both* their

hands stretched out in welcome.'' And with a hearty handshake I let go his hands and picked up my case, my manners indicating that we should now proceed to the inner room.

Mr. ———— stared at me quite speechless for a moment and finally said with a broad grin: ''Of all the impudence, well, I suppose that you shall have your way this time. Come along, sir.''

Needless to say I succeeded in making the sale, which I take it was entirely due to the lucky chance in the meeting of the man, for he evidently was resolved to refuse my admittance only my somewhat singular introduction disarmed him.

MADE A BET TO GET ATTENTION

By E. L. Daughtridge

I THINK the best sale I ever made, or one of them, at least, was as follows:

I was selling a line to retail merchants through the jobbers and a line that was booked in the Spring for Fall delivery. I was working the trade with the jobbers' salesman and we called on a man whom I had sold some two years before. I shook hands with him and pulled my samples on him and he told me my line was no good and not in the class of a competitive line that he had sold the past season.

I told him I would bet him ten dollars my line was far superior to the competitive line and I would prove it to him and let him be the judge. He at once put up his ten dollars and I covered it.

I went into details with both lines and took each line, side by side, and compared them before his eyes and in less than ten minutes' time I had won my bet as he admitted that my line was far superior and that he had made a statement he could not prove. I, of course, gave him back his ten dollars and he gave me a nice order for my line.

INSPIRED A PESSIMISTIC PROSPECT

By Fred J. Lenk

IN the shadowy spring of 1921 I was selling a retail specialty and happened to call on B———— who was doing a very brisk business, something unusual at that time. After selling him, I noted that he had injected the slogan of 1921 into his business.

My next call brought me to a likely looking store, but after "saleing" in, was disgusted at seeing the clerk leaning against the counter trimming his nails and the proprietor reading a newspaper. I also noted the unkempt condition of everything in general.

But I wanted business, and so I began selling him. He tried to bluff me with:

"I don't want to see or hear of your —— stuff."

"Look here, brother," I said, "this is 'good stuff.' "

And again I began selling him. After convincing him that he needed my goods, he again took the offensive.

"Business is on the bum — I can't sell what I've got, let alone buying. So you might as well pack up and clear out and do it now."

Mad clear through, I packed up my samples and prepared to go when a happy thought struck me.

"Say! Get your hat, let me show you some business." Quite surprised he acquiesced. So I headed him for the booming business of B—— where we watched for half an hour the steady stream of business.

"See that? Is business on the bum? Look at the condition of that store? And oh, Boy! look how they buy!" On the way back I pointed to the rows of houses. "There are people who need your goods, let them know you sell first-class goods. Why not put that clerk of yours to cleaning things up and

let him solicit orders from house to house in your neighborhood. And use my article as an introductory leader to show them you are up to date. Go after business and you'll get it."

He got a little sore when I mentioned "cleaning things up," but I just kept on. He thought hard for a few minutes and then signed the dotted line for a small order. I told him it was just a starter and got him enthusiastic about trying out the plan I had outlined. Two weeks later I went out of my way to see how things were coming. Everything was spick and span and an additional clerk was serving the trade. I, of course, got the glad hand, a permanent business friend, and a handsome order.

I consider this my best sale as I sold an almost hopeless prospect and also gave him a service that probably saved his business from ruin.

FOOTBALL TACTICS

By R. Cohan

BEFORE going to the office of the president of the S— C— Creamery Co., I took the time and trouble to examine the concrete floors of the five story building—and I found them in good condition—for my concrete floor hardener.

The middle-aged clerk in charge of the outer office listened politely to my request to see Mr. Hill, the president.

"He is busy just now," he informed me, "but I'll ask him if he wants any of your stuff. What are you selling?"

I did not like the idea of this dull, unenthusiastic gentleman's putting my case for me, but didn't see how I could help it, so I told him I had an excellent concrete floor hardener, made by a reliable firm, and that the floors in the building were certainly in need of repair.

Through the door he left open, I heard him ask in a drawling, indifferent tone of voice, "do you want any concrete floor hardener today, Mr. Hill?"

"No!" promptly and positively replied the busy president.

Before the clerk had had time to turn away, I was in the inner office. To the extreme astonishment of its occupants I cried out impulsively, "Mr. Hill, if you were lying across a railroad track, determined to die, and I came along and saw you, and you wouldn't let me save you—by Jove, I'd bounce you on the bean and save you anyway!"

"What's this? What's this?" The youthful president grinned up at me, probably wondering from what lunatic asylum I had escaped.

But I continued unabashed. "Mr. Hill, do you know that so far as your floors are concerned, you are committing suicide? That they are going to rack and ruin? That there are

great big cracks and breaks in them? That they are just crumbling away, especially downstairs where the heavy trucking goes on? That inside of five years you'll be having to lay new concrete floors throughout your plant?''

Mr. Hill jumped up—was by my side in two counts—had linked his arm in mine in another.

''Show me!'' was all he said, as we marched off together, arm in arm.

My first order from the S— C— Creamery Co. was for ten barrels of my floor hardener. Since then they have bought various other products that I handle. And Mr. Hill has become one of the best friends I have.

MADE THE DOCTOR SEE THE POINT

By JOHN E. LUKEY

THERE are certain typewriters that are adapted for the use of professional people but which are not practical in the commercial field. The keyboard of this type varies from that of machines that are used for commercial purposes.

The schools endeavor to fit their pupils for commercial life and train them on the standard keyboard. The result is that often professional men have difficulty in obtaining typists familiar with their machine.

I called recently on a doctor who had engaged a new typist familiar with medical terms but not with the keyboard of the machine that he owned. I was able to place a machine in his office on the plea that operators with a medical knowledge were rare and that it would be to his advantage to give her a machine with which she was familiar.

The young lady was pleased with the machine and informed me that it was the desire of her employer to turn in for part payment the machine they owned. The trade allowance on this machine was but $5.00. I realized that I would have some problem to trade the machine in at that price. I placed my machine on the typist's desk and taking the doctor's machine I entered his private office proposing to explain to him why a machine of this character would not be of value to other than a doctor.

I informed him that his typist was very happy with her new machine and that I understood he desired to purchase it. The first question he asked was:

"What will you allow me for my machine?" I proceeded to answer his question by telling him that we based our trade allowance on the re-sale value that the machine would have and that due to the fact that his machine was special, the use

of which was limited we could allow but $5.00. You can well imagine how he felt towards trading. He said:

"I paid $115.00 for that machine but a few years ago and I guess that I can find a typewriter company that will allow me considerable more than that or I'll keep on hiring typists till I find one that will run it." I realized that to sell my machine I must keep his out of the deal.

I said: "Doctor, do you ever have a letter to write that is of such a character that you alone must write it?" He informed me that once in a while he did have such a letter so I proceeded to sell him his own machine. I told him of its equipment peculiar to his profession and ended by telling him that I would hate to see him turn that machine in for such a small amount and that if he wrote but one letter a month he would never regret having retained the machine. I secured his order for my machine at list price.

IT TOOK SALESMANSHIP

By R. Jones

IN March I called on a Mr. M—— of B—— to sell him future canned goods; he said that he would buy no future goods this year, I tried hard to sell him, without success; in May I tried again. He told me that he had made up his mind and was not going to buy futures; he told me that many of the wholesale houses tried to get him to place an order for some of his requirements; they also were unsuccessful; I tried him again in July and he was firm as ever; he told me on this trip that they had all tried, and that he did not buy; I then told him that I would be back in the near future and that I was going to sell him; I also knew that I had to find a different way and different methods if I was to sell him. I came back early in August and told him that I wanted an order. He laughed and said if I sold him I was doing something that no one else could do; he also told me that I could save time by letting the matter drop.

Then I drew to his mind the great importance of placing a future order by explaining to him that if all the merchants would buy goods just as they wanted them, the pack would be so small and the prices would be so high due to the fact that no one would place heavy orders with the packer, that the packer could not go to the bank and borrow any money from the banks because he had no bookings for futures, therefore they could not place orders with the farmer because the bank could not get security from the packer, and the farmer would not plant such goods as are perishable, therefore all foodstuff would go sky high in prices in a very short time; it must also be taken into consideration that we must all work together along these lines if we want good goods at a fair price. "Mr. M., I think my argument is very plain and it is true and to the point, and I am going to take your future order today because it will be good for all of us; we will

start in on extra small peas as you have a very good sale on the better grade of fancy goods.'' I then started in and sold him four pages of futures, and also sold him a nice order for immediate delivery. When we were all through he said that he did not think it possible for any one to sell him a future order this year.

I also want to make it very clear that Mr. M. is not a beginner in the grocery business. This same store has been a grocery store for more than thirty years.

That's Bringing Home the Beech Nut.

OVERCAME THE CUT PRICE MENACE

By L. P. Wrenn

THE company for which I work, a wholesale house in a small city, has been menaced for the last few months, as have many other legitimate jobbers, by price cutters. A jobber in a neighboring city has decided that two per cent is enough profit to do business on, so he is giving a ten per cent cash discount. This naturally catches the eyes of our largest merchants and it was with difficulty that we landed any big orders from these concerns. This was the condition of affairs when one morning our town salesman came in the store all blue and discouraged. He told me that Mr. Smith, our largest retailer, needed a good many canned goods but he would not buy them from us as he wanted the ten per cent discount which our cut rate rival in the nearby town would give him. My first impulse was to go on with my work and let the salesman fight his own battles. But upon second thought I knew that I would have similar cases to deal with myself as store salesman and if I couldn't "Bring home the beech-nut" I had better ask for my check, get me an ox and go to plowing. So I told the city salesman to finish my work and I set out armed with an order book to fight a ten shooter (ten per cent) with nothing but a muzzle loading two shooter (two per cent).

Mr. Smith always seemed to think a good deal of me but I knew that he didn't like me one per cent's worth, much less eight. After passing a few remarks on the weather and the conditions of business, etc., as all salesmen are supposed to do, I told him that I knew he was in the market for some canned goods, and that I wanted to send them to him. Then, of course, I had to listen to the same tale which he had told the other salesman about the ten per cent discount. After he had finished, I gave him my prices on the articles desired and showed him where they netted him from twenty-five to

fifty per cent profit, which he admitted was a fair profit. Then I undertook to show him where he didn't have to buy six months' supply of any one article from me, but if he bought drop shipments of all the desired goods he would have to carry three times the stock that it was necessary for him to carry. And that by letting us carry the stock for him he would have more capital to enlarge his business with. Then I reminded him that we gave him a two per cent discount every ten days and that he could use the money tied up in the large stock and turn it over enough times to make up for the extra discount.

Then I called his attention to the fact that there are always delays in getting stuff from a distance, and if he ordered all his goods that he would often run out of something before it reached him and thereby he would injure his trade. While he thought now that in such a case he could run up to the local jobber and get it, yet if everyone in town should decide to order their goods there would not be a jobber in a short while. I also told him of the constant losses and damage in local shipments for which claims must be made and waited for sometimes six months or a year.

I saw that what I had said had put him to thinking so I shot my last shot at him. I asked him who paid the taxes in this town to keep up the streets? And who keeps the schools going where his children can get a good education without having to go away to school? Who supports the churches and preachers in their work of spreading the gospel of Christianity and right relations of man to man? And finally I asked him whom he expected to visit him and speak words of cheer when old age overtook him? He decided that our cut rate jobber would do none of these things and in fact he finally said that he didn't believe a concern could last long on two per cent profit anyway and then he would have to buy his goods at home, so he might as well start now. So I carried a "good big Beech-nut" back to the store with me.

BUCKED THE SON-IN-LAW

By C. C. Morrison

THERE is a certain oil refiner in our city who occasionally buys some of our equipment from time to time and loans it to a customer providing the customer uses his gasoline and oil exclusively.

This refiner had practically closed a contract with his customer, which called for the installation of two pumps and tanks. I had been working with the refiner for some time and everything was going along very nicely. About the middle of the month, one Saturday afternoon, the refiner 'phoned me to come over and see him Monday morning and he would give me the order. Monday morning I was on the job bright and early, all set to write a nice order.

Just as I was about to go into the refiner's office one of his men stopped me and told me he had some bad news for me, whereupon he produced their contract with their customer and showed me where my equipment had been originally specified, partially erased and the name of my competitor's equipment substituted. I was disagreeably surprised, but I went into the office to see the refiner. He was very cordial and came right out and told me that his son-in-law had started to sell for my competitor that morning and of course he would have to give him the business. I told him I could understand his position, etc., and went out.

This particular installation was to be in a very prominent place and I did not feel I could afford to have my competitor's equipment in such a prominent place, so I immediately went to the refiner's customer and sold him on the idea that my equipment was what was needed. The result was that he refused to sign the contract with the refiner unless he would specify my equipment. I stayed right on the job all day Monday and all day Tuesday. Tuesday night the refiner's customer began to weaken and I immediately went to the

landlord and sold him on the idea that my equipment was the ideal equipment as far as safety, etc., were concerned, and he refused to let his tenant handle gasoline on his premises unless he used my equipment.

Wednesday afternoon the refiner called me and asked me to come over. I went over and he asked me what the idea was in blocking him. I showed him that I had done nothing but boost his product, that I had not taken any of his competitors to the job and all in all had played cleanly, but also told him my company paid me to create demand for their product, so, of course, if I did not they would get someone that would. He told me he would meet me the next morning, Thursday, on the job at nine o'clock. I was there and we all discussed the layout generally, but he had told me the previous afternoon that he would not take bread out of his own daughter's mouth, so it looked as though I was out of luck. We were together about an hour, he leaving me at 10:15 o'clock and saying nothing about seeing me any further, and at 10:45 I walked into his office again. He paid no attention to me and let me twiddle my thumbs for an even hour. Finally he turned around and coldly told me that if I had anything especially to say that he had three minutes I could have. I thanked him and laid the order down all written out and suggested that we close up. He looked me over a minute or two and reached for his pen, signed up with the remark that I had won and when he finished signing he remarked that he was going to tell his son-in-law to resign that night as he would not see him working a job where the road was so rough.

I apologized for sticking around so much but told him I knew he understood that I had to get the business to hold my job. He smiled and we parted very good friends.

IT PAYS TO STICK

By Joseph Kohart, Jr.

WHEN the "Other Fellow" who hands out the "just as good" line of talk actually has the order signed and a cash deposit to cover, the average salesman bucking him would probably feel that he is "licked" and argue himself into believing that he did the best he could.

But—LISTEN TO THIS:

The ——— Company had signed an order for a Multigraph machine from a dealer in used office equipment, and paid a deposit of seventy-five dollars on it with the understanding that the balance was to be paid as soon as the machine proved satisfactory.

When I found this out I felt the joy of a real battle for business in my veins, and decided to fight it through. The ——— people, one of the largest concerns in my territory, were certainly worth while landing.

I called on them and thoroughly impressed upon the General Manager the fact that the American Multigraph Sales Company had built up an enviable reputation for honesty, integrity and service when it came to dealing with prospects and users. I explained that here was a second-hand dealer who sold a Multigraph to them with the idea that if the machine proved a failure, the blot would not be on his person but on the Multigraph and the organization behind it. Was that fair to us?

I was told in view of the fact that the other order was signed and a deposit paid, it was of no use to do anything in the matter. Mr. General Manager had been told by this second-hand dealer that his machine was "just as good" as any other, and he would guarantee it.

I called again the next day and brought a complete Multigraph equipment with me. After assuring the General Manager very many times that he was under no obligation, I was

finally permitted to set up my machine in his office for a demonstration. This did not take place immediately, but I advised the girl who was doing the multigraph work that if she cared to try my machine on her next job, she was at liberty to do so.

A few days later I received a telephone call and was advised that my machine had been tried and did not work properly and I was requested to remove it.

Again I wended my way to the ——— office and found that the Multigraph required only a small adjustment which could have been made by the operator if she had been properly instructed. I received permission to leave my machine a while longer.

Shortly after that I was advised that the machine bought from the second hand dealer was out of order, and after telephoning him for several days to repair it and to instruct their operator, and finding their calls in vain, they turned to me for help.

I found the machine needed only a slight adjustment which I made in a minute, explaining the matter to the operator and General Manager. I did not say one word against the machine as it was in good condition, and I stated so.

A week later the Purchasing Agent called me on the telephone advising me that the General Manager had left town for a few days, and that he being in charge while the G. M. was away, ordered me to take my machine out of the office at once as I was causing a great deal of trouble for him, on account of the other deal which had been put through. The P. A. stated very plainly that unless my machine were removed it would be thrown out into the lots.

I advised him that I would remove it in a few days.

I called three days later and found the General Manager back at his desk. Fortunately he was discussing the matter of direct mail advertising with the vice president of the company. I was advised that they had spent quite a sum of money on letter advertising but found the results very disappointing.

HERE WAS MY REAL CHANCE—I questioned them about their campaign and found out the main fault was their addressing these letters to different concerns all over the country who use steel tubing. I explained the matter to them in this way:

"Gentlemen, if a letter soliciting business comes addressed to your concern, on whose desk is it placed?"

Both replied, "THE PURCHASING AGENT'S."

I continued, "AND he after glancing at it places it in the files for future reference. Thus the man out in the shop who might be interested in the article that is being offered never gets the opportunity of considering it. Address your letters to individuals, in your particular case to engineers, master mechanics, and chemists."

"Easily said," both of them replied, "But where are we going to get their names?"

"There are chemists, engineers and mechanics clubs in nearly all fair sized cities. The secretaries of these organizations will furnish you with these names gratis, but the value to you will be many thousand dollars."

A FEW DAYS LATER I RECEIVED MY ORDER AND WAS THANKED FOR MY PERSEVERANCE AND PATIENCE.

The second hand dealer's machine was crated and shipped back to him with the message that he could keep the seventy-five dollars deposit paid to him and the ——— Company would charge that amount up to experience with the following heading for that account: "NEVER BUY ANYTHING 'JUST AS GOOD.' IN THE END THE REAL THING IS BY FAR CHEAPER."

Motto: "It's never too late to give up—So Stick."

WOULDN'T TAKE "NO"

By Fred Theiss

DURING a period of wet wintry weather, the wild November winds whistled a merry tune to the "overshoe" business, so I started out like Christopher Columbus—to discover some new territory.

If there was anything "green" that winter, it was me because I knew absolutely nothing about finding new business for "overshoes" excepting, of course, that no matter where I went I would find people with feet, so I made it my business to follow bad weather and places where bad weather was predicted.

Like an old sail boat, I was left to shift with the wind and if there was anything to do I would do it by the "hunch" instead of by experience.

My first calling of instinct landed me and my samples in a fair-sized town downstate. The freight office greeted me with one hundred pairs of women's and children's overshoes in a nice box, and the town greeted me, for three days, with a fine list of overstocked shoestores, and, which were overstocked before I came for the greetings.

My legs were tired, and all I had left was "plenty of nerve" which I always depend upon as sort of a reserve force of energy.

As all the shoestores were well stocked and prepared for the winter like a squirrel, I thought to myself, and to others, that as long as shoestores had shoes—what an awful boob I am trying to sell eggs to a chicken, especially when all the nests were filled.

To skip some of my hard earned adventures and a bunch of fool mistakes I will describe the *outcome* that I went *into.*

After constantly pestering the manager of the largest dry

goods store in town to put some of my overshoes on his counters, his verdict was turned over to me with cold rash dignity, forcefully conveyed with the simple word "NO."

Days of future starvation seemed to stare me in the face and my menu subsided to thirty-cent meals, but as long as God gave man the right to "think," I began to use that part of my anatomy which He gave us to "think with."

Why should an overshoe salesman get cold feet?

The next day, after a night's sleeplessness, I found myself in that same manager's office launching a new crisis. I began to use suggestion of thoughts like a hypnotist, which information I got out of a book one time, but this fellow was so hard to hynotize I thought I would be in a spell before he was.

In the climax of my efforts he pushed some papers around recklessly on his desk and said, "Now why do I want to buy overshoes when there is a shoe store two doors north of here, and a half dozen across the street?"

I saw one big question mark and then said, "Well, that shows that this is a good district for footwear."

"If you are a good salesman," he continued, "you can readily see that I am like a piece of paper between two fires as far as competition in shoes is concerned."

It was the psychological moment and I didn't want to give him a chance to call it finished, so to switch the proposition from business I said, "No, sir! You are like a piece of asbestos. And those fires are merely smudges that you can smother if you sit on them." I put on my best look of sincerity.

A defeated grin broke out on his stern business face and one could see he was just that sort of a man who would give a young fellow a chance, and within that minute he gave me his consent to get my one hundred pairs of overshoes from the freight office and place them on a table for a trial sale.

This was the first time a shoe of any kind was ever offered for sale in this large and well established dry goods market, and I was thrilled to know that my plans were under way.

If these shoes sold well I would get a bigger order—that was the simple proposition. I didn't care about that. My brain was raging desperately with an inspiration of great ambition. Thirty square feet of floor space in this store was being wasted and monopolized by a stock of farm and garden tools as high as the ceiling, which were set aside for the winter months.

This is where I got my idea. If the manager would give the overshoes a trial on the "table," at my expense, I could get a bigger offer if they sold all right.

The shoes were on the table. I had twenty dollars left to live on until I earned more. I spent twelve dollars of this to have three thousand circular cards printed announcing a "God-send—overshoe protection for our townspeople." I also had the weather predictions printed on that side of the card which happened to be all about "Hail! Rain! and Slush! Etc.," with other wording, and on the reverse side of the card my little verse was printed about the danger of diphtheria and pneumonia, and also for women and children to keep the Doctor away by getting those overshoes today.

I paid four boys fifty cents each to help me distribute these cards around town in certain districts.

The next day I prowled around in the slush near the store where I watched mothers and their children going in with wet feet and coming out with overshoes and packages. At 10:30 A. M. the crowds were getting thicker, it seemed, so after gathering enough nerve I strolled into the store. There were three pairs of overshoes left. There stood the manager and his assistant. They were holding something back behind flushed and smiling faces, and I could feel that my face must have been crimson also. And then the fun began.

Later I received a check for my samples and cash for my advertising expenditures with also a message to my firm. The next day a large sign announced the regret of running short of the demand and that more shoes were soon expected.

At the present time the garden tools are in the basement, and anyone who happens to be in need of foot-protection can

stop in at this store and be fitted with their choice of five thousand pairs of good shoes, because there is a permanent shoe section in that store today, and the manager is tickled whenever he sees a salesman coming in to sell him shoes that others come in to buy. Try twice, boys. It pays.

BOOSTED A COMPETITOR AND WON

By J. SCHENKMAN

I AM a paint salesman. The best sale I ever made was two years ago, in northern Illinois.

A certain factory was under construction and the owner was in the market for a large quantity of inside Mill White. Six of us, competing salesmen, were asked to submit two-gallon samples for test purposes.

Two weeks after the samples had been applied, I called on the owner of the plant. He informed me that all of the samples were under test and that he was as yet undecided which product to use. However, if he decided in favor of my paint, he would mail me the order, he said.

By using some tact, I was able to get from Mr. F. the names of my five competitors.

Among them I recognized my most formidable competitor, Blank's Mill White. The other four I knew to be mediocre products.

It suddenly struck me that if I could eliminate the poorer products, I should be increasing my chances of landing the order from one out of six, to one out of two.

So I said, "Mr. F., you are in the drug business. I feel sure that you know your business thoroughly, or you wouldn't be holding the position you hold today. On the other hand, I have been in the paint business for a good many years, and I know my business. To get your good will for the future, I am going to give you some valuable information, even though it may mean the loss of this order to me.

"I claim it is impossible for you to decide by testing a paint for a few weeks, how that paint is going to stand up under the conditions of your plant after a few years.

"I know that my paint will give you satisfaction. And of the other five brands you mentioned, I know that Blank's

Mill White also will give good results, because I recognize their brand as being the best piece of goods you can get for the money—*next to my own product.* Therefore, if you should decide not to use mine, buy Blanks Mill White, and you'll not go wrong.''

Mr. F. thanked me warmly for the information.

A few days later I received by mail his order for eighteen barrels of paint.

AN ORDER WAS JUST AROUND THE CORNER

By W. R. Webb

A FEW years ago I was connected with a large paint manufacturing concern, selling their line of paints and paint specialties direct to the consumer, in the State of Oklahoma.

Although I had been engaged in this work a comparatively short time, I had gotten a good "running start" and was quite successful from the outset. In fact I had been led to feel I was developing into one of the company's "top-notchers." I knew my goods and sales points—forward and backward. I took my work seriously and with great enthusiasm. I was determined to win in a big way.

One fateful Friday, however, the gods who govern struggling salesmen seemed to have conspired to try my metal. I failed to "hit." The following day, being a short one, as Saturday afternoons were given over to making out reports and mapping out the coming week's work, I again failed to land an order. So it was with considerable reluctance that my weekly report was filled out showing, "Friday's Sales: None." "Saturday's Sales: Ditto."

However, firmly resolved to make up for the loss the coming week, I cheerfully set about the plans of the week's campaign to that end.

Sunday afternoon found me boarding a train for the first town on my list, instead of the customary Monday morning departure, so that I might be on the ground and get an even start with the new week. I had set out for a new high record.

Monday a. m., bright and early I was up and doing—doing my utmost to find and guide the halting hand to the dotted line. Came noon; still I had not scored. Instead of the leisurely lunch hour I usually allowed myself at a dining

table, I gobbled up a scant lunch at the counter and hurried back to my prospecting. All that afternoon, and later than usual, I worked, until closing hour stopped me, striving with might and main to ward off the ghost of another blank day—but to no avail—it was upon me, and for the third time in succession! Worse by a day than my previous worst record.

With that mechanical step and "fagged out" feeling which accompanies a fruitless day, I returned to the hotel, "sore at" the world in general—and that specific part of it in particular.

But after a fairly satisfactory dinner and cigar I gradually became more civil, and after carefully reviewing my efforts for the past three days and failing to find any error on my part traceable to the sudden slump, I realized this was no time for courting discouragement. There was as yet no cause for alarm. I recalled the Sales Manager's oft-repeated, and, I thought, over-emphasized advice, "If they don't break right for you for a day or so, don't get discouraged; just keep plugging. The best of us have our off days."

Came Tuesday night; still, no order. I kept plugging.

Wednesday I moved to another town, with renewed hopes. Still I met with the same luck.

Thursday. Ye gods! seven days since my last order! I felt myself slipping. I saw visions of failure and abject humiliation. One thing at least I knew: *something* was wrong, radically wrong—but what? Somewhere I had read that the time to work the hardest is when business is dullest; the time to fight your darndest, when your back is against the wall.

Friday. With that courage born of desperation, with renewed effort and vigor, I systematically made my rounds from store to store, office to office, up one side of the street and down the other, at each of which, wherein there was the slightest provocation—or possibility of an order—I would exploit, extole, expound and argue the many merits of X-Brand paints with such sincerity, earnestness, persistency, profusion—and, I thought, eloquence—that I could not see how any intelligent buyer could afford to pass it up. Yet that's exactly what he did—they all did.

While still playing a losing game and wondering where all would end, and how I could ever explain to the office, strange to say, I felt rather proud of myself that Friday night as I pondered over my momentous problems. All that week my sales talks had been improving, and today they were superb. I had outdone myself. I surprised myself—never dreamed that I could be such a forceful, verbose and eloquent speaker. Being by nature quiet, reserved and lacking the "gift of gab" which I then thought the successful salesman should have, I had entertained grave apprehensions as to whether I should ever be able to sufficiently unlimber my tongue. Now I knew I could.

Despite the fact that they were not getting the business, my sales talks were "getting over" better than ever before. So I concluded that I had simply struck a streak of extra bad luck, punk territory and prospects.

Until Saturday noon I managed to keep my courage up and kept plugging, though my ardor had been steadily cooling with each successive call. Saturday noon—the time for making the weekly sales report, and not one sale to report! I had met my Waterloo, I thought. As a salesman I was a joke. A picture of rejection personified, I sat down in the hotel writing room, trying to conjure up some satisfactory explanation or excuse to make the office. As I sat there pondering a happy inspiration presented itself. "I will explain nothing, and I won't be a quitter as long as there's a ghost of a chance to win," I resolved.

A few minutes later, for the first time in my experience I was out calling on prospects on Saturday afternoon. At three o'clock my "salesometer" still stood at zero. Emerging from a hardware store I had just made what I was about to conclude would be my last sales effort for the week, murmuring, "What's the use?" I paused on the pavement and half-heartedly consulted my scant prospect list. Next on the list was the name of a gin owner—which class of prospects had seldom proved worth while—competitive prices having me beaten—and this man, I was told, was a mighty tough customer.

A block ahead was the hotel. A block to the right was the ginner's office. Would I go straight ahead or to the left? I decided on the latter course, determined to make one last final effort, just to satisfy my conscience.

I found Mr. Jones alone in his office, apparently very busy with his accounts. Lifting his gaze from the books before him just long enough to admit the correctness of my assumption that he was Mr. Jones, by a blunt "Yes," he openly ignored my presence as I endeavored to formulate some proper line of attack.

"Well, what can I do for you?" he suddenly snapped out impatiently, his eyes still on the books.

"That, sir, depends. But first you might try a moderate application of common courtesy," I said with an air of offended pride, not caring whether he kicked me out or not.

That had the effect of disarming him, however, and he arose, accepted my proffered introduction and offered me a chair, though added immediately:

"But I'm not in the market for any new machinery or equipment—nor anything else—Mr. Webb."

"Couldn't do anything for you just now if you were, Mr. Jones. I'm from the X Manufacturing Co., Estimate and Supply Dept.," I stated simply (this last being a new departure, but not an untruth). With your permission, I should like to undertake to show you a more economic method of handling your maintenance or up-keep problems," I blundered on, scarcely knowing or caring what I might say next.

"I usually take care of such matter without any outside help, but if you have any ideas worth showing, I don't mind looking at 'em—though I'm not going to buy anything, I can tell you that right now. So I don't see how you can help me out any. You'll just be losing your time."

"I'll put my time against yours," I continued. "Take the item of stack painting, for instance. How often do you paint your stacks?"

"Every two or three years—usually every two years. Occasionally we pass 'em over to the third year."

"About what do you pay for your stack paints, if you care to say, Mr. Jones?"

"So you want to sell me some paint, do you?"

"Well, possibly. That depends upon my original proposition. If I can't show you a benefit and saving over and above your present periodical outlay, I won't ask you to buy a gallon."

"I don't buy a gallon anyhow. I'm not going to buy any paint this year," he said firmly.

But to make a long story short, I ignored this last statement and proceeded with the interview. I spent the remainder of the afternoon with Mr. Jones and he in turn spent several hundred dollars with me—gave me the biggest paint order I had ever written up.

During the course of our remarks I learned that he controlled not one but several cotton gins and compressors. So I raised my sights high. From time to time as we talked I made a few figures on a sheet of paper. From these I made up a rough estimate of painting his stacks and boiler fronts, specifying the use of a high grade stack paint with a 5-year guarantee, which would cut down the quantity at least 50% and make a like reduction in labor in applying it, since the paint he had been using had to be applied twice in five years.

Seeing that he was interested, I carefully went over these figures with him, explaining them, then showed him samples and literature, quoted him in large quantities, all with an air of "take it or leave it, I don't care?" But I didn't stop at stack paint; he decided to take five barrels of other kinds as well.

So at the eleventh hour I managed to grab success from the very jaws of failure. Instead of the blank week which had begun to seem inevitable, that night I made out the biggest weekly sales report I had sent in up to that time.

The next day, Sunday, I reviewed and analyzed the past week's experiences—particularly the one splendid sale—and arrived at the following conclusions, which not only enabled

me to sell more paint but have been worth real money to me in the sale of other lines since.

1. Keep plugging always.

2. Never be discouraged. If you have a run of "hard luck" and they just won't "jar loose," smile and keep plugging.

3. Keep your feet hot and your head cool.

4. Don't get over-anxious and try to make sales through sheer force of spellbinding oratory.

5. Present your facts, as clearly and logically as possible, but use about 80% judgment and 20% talk. Give the customer a chance to buy—and as much as he can reasonably need.

I have since made larger and more difficult sales, though I have always considered the foregoing my best, because it taught me more than any other, and perhaps marked the turning point between my failure or success in the selling field.

HANDLING A DODGING DEALER

By Clarence E. Scott

DURING the winter of 1919 I was working in the Kansas City territory for a well-known pickle company. I had a customer in this territory who was always insisting that another line of pickles which was a close competitor of ours was as good as my product. His opinion was founded upon the use he had made of the competitor's goods and his lack of knowledge of my product.

One day I stepped into his store, and while he was finishing waiting on a customer I saw a keg of pickles that my competitor had sold him. His first words to me when he was through waiting upon the customer were: "Well, Scott, I called up your house and ordered some pickles." This statement I knew to be false. He wanted me to assume that the pickles I had seen were ordered from my house.

I thanked him for the phone call and stepping over to the keg took one of the pickles and sampled it. After doing so I turned to my sample case, took out a slip and began writing. He observed my action and asked what I was doing. I replied: "Those pickles are not nearly up to our standard. I am making out a pick-up slip with instructions for our truck driver to pick up that keg the next time he is in this part of town, and I would like to ask you please not to let any more of the pickles in that keg go out to your trade."

He was very much surprised at my action, and fully realizing that he would be caught in his attempt to deceive me with regard to the pickles he had purchased from my competitor, he suggested that the pickles were good enough even though they were slightly below our standard and that he could dispose of them at a fair profit. He also said he would be glad to give me an order for another keg of our higher standard pickles.

I took his order for a keg, thanked him, and then by calling attention to the other varieties in our line secured his order for some additional articles.

LEAVING THE BUYER NO OTHER OPTION

By L. C. Cron

I WAS with a company that made the so-called "blind gasoline filling station pump," at the time a few of the larger gasoline companies were using or trying out the visible gas pump. We received an inquiry from one of the newer oil companies in the town of ———, wanting us to quote prices on a visible outfit, which of course we could not do.

I was doing sales promotion work at the time so the sales manager said: "See what you can do for them," and it looked as if it would be "not a thing." Upon arriving at the equipment buyer's office, I was informed by his majesty who, by the way, was a very human buyer, that the public demanded visible pumps in this day and age.

All of my sales talk did not seem to change him one bit. All he would say was "they want to *see* that they get full measure." I could see my line of talk was merely a waste of time for both of us, and decided the only way to change his decision was to prove his judgment was wrong. But to do it in such a way as not to offend him was the big question. His opinion had to be changed in the next two weeks as they were about ready to open their first filling station and I could not put it off. So I left, after making an appointment with him for the next morning which I gained by stating I would have proof for him. His letter did not state whether he wanted one or ten outfits, and I was going to go after the order hard, if only for one.

Back at the hotel, I wondered if my time wasn't being wasted, but after several schemes floated through my mind as to how to prove my pumps were best, one came and stuck, but it was more or less a gamble with fate.

The first thing I did the next morning was to locate the most prominent filling station which had both the blind and

visible pumps in use. I kept my appointment on time and asked him if he would put one hour of his time against my chances of getting the order, which he readily agreed to do, if I could prove that people did not demand the visible pump. So we called on this filling station I had picked out and I asked the equipment buyer to count the cars that stopped at each of the blind and visible pumps, and also to check the time on the two for discharging five gallons of gas.

In a little over an hour only one out of five cars stopped at the visible pump. The blind pump beat the other for speed by a good margin. On the way back in his car, the first thing he said was, and he spoke first, "Can you ship twenty-five outfits (about $15,000) so they will get here by the first?" You know what I said.

A REAL ACHIEVEMENT

By Elizabeth Buck

I WAS with a real estate firm in a western city selling rooming houses and other small business chances. Now and then I found a customer who was in the market for a home or for farm land. One such customer was a woman whose husband had recently died, leaving a substantial amount of life insurance. This money was safely deposited in a bank and the woman desired to invest part of it in a home. It became my privilege and duty to find the right home for her.

Day after day I traveled with the lady through the various subdivisions of the city. Every house which we had listed I displayed for her inspection. There was something wrong with each—too large, too small, faulty architecture, poor location, too high priced, might be a losing investment—and much more of the same kind of hedging. I showed vacant homesites. She thought the building of a house was risky. Looking at house plans did not give her a clear idea of what the house would look like. And contractors were seldom reliable. The woman really wanted to buy a home but she was unaccustomed to handling money beyond petty amounts. At the thought of investing a few thousand dollars, her mind wavered. She lacked the power of decision, yet she knew that she wanted a house.

One morning, when I was beginning to grow weary on the trail, my customer surprised me by expressing enthusiastic admiration for a bungalow I took her to see. It was charming—just what she wanted—but—she did not like the location—would not live in that district—and the lot was too small. Now, if that house were only on the vacant lot I had showed her in Fairview Park.

With an inspiration born of a strong desire to end the

chase, I asked: "Would you buy that Fairview Park lot if you could have a duplicate of this bungalow erected upon it?"

"Yes, I would," she replied decisively.

"Then," said I, "the quest is ended. I will copy the plans of this house for you."

When she saw that I really meant what I said, that lady invented a dozen or more pretexts for reversing her decision, but from this point I handled the case with a firm hand. Straightway I procured a spring-winding steel tape measure. Equipped with this tape measure, pencil and tablet, I took all necessary measurements and made a hasty sketch of the floor plans, front and side elevations of the house, etc. Later I perfected the plans to a scale and wrote an amateurish description of the building materials and workmanship. The result of my effort would, doubtless, have been amusing to a professional architect. I could not, for instance, name the brand of plaster on the wall nor could I specify the grade of flooring used. The angles of the roof I gauged by sight. But I could, and did, indicate the plumbing fixtures, electric wiring and furnace flues, and my design was geometrically accurate.

But drafting the plans did not end my connection with them. My customer lacked initiative. To me fell the task of submitting those plans to contractors for estimates. I had to make all positive decisions, while my lady held the veto power and injected many negative decisions which obstructed the work. She could never decide definitely in favor of anything, but she could decide against more things than anybody I had ever met. My task was a tedious one. However, I stayed with it until I had my customer securely established in her new home. In the end she was pleased, for she had a house which suited her, built on a lot which suited her, and the total cost was slightly less than the price asked for the other property. From a strictly ethical point of view, copying an architectural design might appear to be a reprehensible procedure, but the exigencies of the case seemed to justify my course.

This transaction consumed too much of my time for me to

record it as a profitable one. Nevertheless I feel especially proud of it, for it required a stroke of genius, combined with patient persistence, to bring that sale to a successful climax. As every salesman knows, it is overcoming obstacles which puts zest into selling.

GOLDEN RULE LEADS TO SALE

By C. Kingsley Rowland

IS the largest sale always the best sale? Is there more satisfaction in coming in with a full order book or to come in with one or two that took all of your ingenuity to get a signature?

Forty years ago, we had a customer, then a big buyer. For twenty years we sold him and then during a time of depression he couldn't meet his payments, so naturally a judgment. Then for another twenty years no business, also purely natural.

When I took the territory I wasn't warned against who to and who not to call on, but looked up ratings and started off.

There is an old man, paralyzed down one side, and a dear old lady so feeble she could hardly walk, who tend store. Sell much roofing? "Sure, lots of it." Got plenty? "Sure and always will have." What's the matter with G————? "They're no good and I wouldn't give them an order if they were the last house in the world." The dear old lady sat aghast at her husband's rudeness, so what could I do but sit down and chat with *her?* And we chatted and chatted and I missed a train.

Next week I went back again. No, indeed, there was no business, no selling mentioned and under my arm I had a package of string beans fresh from my own garden. Each week during the summer I carried them something they could not buy, fresh vegetables. She appreciated it and so did the old man. Still no questions about business. In our talks the old lady let fall how she had to spend two dollars for an auto ride. Oh! boy, now I knew that order was mine and almost every day there sat with me on the front seat of my Lizzie a little old gray-haired lady who enjoyed herself immensely.

It may seem like a bribe. It may not have been business etiquette BUT the biggest order in my book is for $70.35

signed W. C. S. Co., the front of it is one for $972.50, and at its back one for $625.35, but it's far larger in amount than either. It is my best sale—my biggest sale.

Just the other day I wrote the old couple, as I am no longer in that territory, just to thank them for enough orders almost to pay for my winter's supply of coal.

Does courtesy pay? Does the little every day kindness help us salesmen? I dare a competitor to get this business. Price is nothing to them for friendship is there and friendship due to courtesy pays the biggest of big dividends. There will never be another judgment as checks are sent to me and the bills are discounted. Don't think this is all glory but here's another where courtesy came across big.

I was selling a specialty, a high-priced book-keeping system and everything was dead wrong—hadn't had a sale for days and nearly discouraged when I hit the most unlikely store for a sale that ever had a front door and front window.

The store was dim, the man and woman slovenly. But as soon as I saw the woman, off came my hat. The man looked at me rather strangely and the woman flushed. When I started talking their attention was instant. Their thoughts were on the machine. Their eyes were on a salesman who talked before them with bared head. When the talk was over I took out my order-book and started to write. The man asked how much, the woman said that it would help her in her work.

That's all except the salesman who showed them the machine a year ago, or one nearly like it owned the store, spat tobacco-juice on the floor, swore a few times, considered this pair as animals and was kicked out. Courtesy pays big dividends in selling. Try it.

EDUCATING THE BUYER TO GET THE ORDER

By B. E. Botting

A HARDWARE firm I had been calling on would never consider any of the four kinds of roofing I was handling because they could buy for less money. It occurred to me that standard grades were put out on two qualities of felt, although I could not make the hardware concern understand. Finally I secured the two felt baizes. When I showed the hardware company these two samples and pointed out the difference, which they could easily see, they handed me another argument to the effect that the consumer didn't know or care about the make-up, nor would the consumer believe the difference in price is due to the quality of felt.

I had expected something about the consumer "not knowing or caring" and was prepared for it. I had a sample of a Mica Flake that was supposed to stay for a long time without any painting or attention. Most roofings of that kind are supposed to be gone over every three years. This was the most expensive roofing I had, but my last chance lay in this expensive stuff when they gave me the stall that their customers wanted something cheap.

I asked the buyer what was the price of the best roofing paint he sold. He told me $2.00, and that it would last for five years under guarantee because it goes on about ten times as thick as ordinary paint with one stroke of the brush. He also informed me that it would take from one to one and a quarter gallons to the square.

It was then I told him that he had given me the impression that his trade wanted something cheap—and that I had it. He came back at me and said he understood that my lines were highest in price. So I got out my pencil and did some figuring. I used his own figures of six dollars to keep a roof per square 15 years to say nothing of the labor cost. Then I

told him he could sell my Mica Roofing for $5 per square, on which he could make a fair margin of profit, as well as give his customers something that would give the service with many advantages. I told him the Mica roof would not only stand 15 years but that Mica is practically fireproof, that it will stand 3,000 degrees heat and is also a non-conductor of electricity.

I got his order because the figures were convincing. After signing the dotted line he told me that very few salesmen gave him a selling idea as I had done, and as he handled hundreds of articles and was asked hundreds of questions he felt in future he would patronize those salesmen who gave him selling information. Of course I went into many minor details not necessary to repeat, but the point is I gave him something in the way of educational service.

FORCING AN OPPORTUNITY

By H. W. Ashton

WHILE selling for a Screw Mfg. Co. I had one manufacturing plant from whom I found it simply impossible to even get an inquiry, to say nothing of an order. I had called many times, was always treated with great consideration, but always told that they had their regular sources of supply and would not think of making any change.

On every trip, I made a call and always did my best to at least attract interest, but it seemed impossible to even get that. I told the buyer one day that I did not expect to give up, and that maybe something might turn up that would give me a chance, even if it was in a very small way. In a laughing way the buyer said, "If we get in a hole sometime, it may be that you could dig us out." I replied by telling him, "If it could be done, we would do it, and not to forget that we will expect you to make good your word."

This firm manufactured machines, and in the machines were many screws that were made to order from specifications, so one day we received a telegram stating that they had a contract for some machinery that was worth many thousands of dollars, and that if it was not gotten out on specified time, they would be liable to a heavy fine, and that they had run short of only a very few screws, yet enough to make it so that they could not ship on the stated time, and asking me what we could do.

They had telegraphed to all the screw manufacturers in the country with this inquiry, but the general run of replies were that it would take a certain amount of time, but none replied with the positive strong assurance that I did, for I was desperate to make a connection with this firm. We replied, "We can furnish same in 72 hrs." and received a reply asking if we had made any mistake as the time appeared to

be too short in comparison to the offers of the other firms, but that they hoped it was correct as it would save them many hundreds of dollars and they were willing to stand any expense to get the screws. I replied, "I stated that if you could be dug out of a hole, we could do it and we can supply your needs in the stated time. We are not going to charge for the screws, but will ask only for the expense of getting them made and delivered in time." To this I received word to "Go ahead."

Our plant was in the East and their plant was in the Middle West, and the stock required to make these screws we did not have, but would have to order, so instead of going at things in the usual way, I at once sent a man that I selected to the mill which was in another state. He got just enough of the stock needed and brought it back with him, and did not delay or allow anything to hold him up. In the meantime, I had the machines set up to turn these screws out, and as soon as he returned, the material was in the course of manufacture. In about one hour it was ready, and I dispatched this same man on the next train for the destination of the manufacturer, he arriving in just 71 hrs. from the time we got the orders to go ahead.

The amount of screws needed was very small, but just enough to hold up some very large machinery, on which a very heavy fine would have been due if not delivered on contract time. The actual value of the screws would not amount to one dollar in the regular course of business, but meant many hundreds of dollars if not furnished. I knew that the other manufacturers would not likely try so desperately to fill so trifling an order, so I just got the bull by the horns and got busy.

I guess you know the result of this; it made a connection that was solid, and that will be hard for others to break, and now I am as solid with this firm as I was the other way before.

I had used all the salesmanship I had, I had stuck to this manufacturer through thick and thin, then I watched my chance for an opening, and when it came, I took full advantage of it and won.

SOLD STOCK TO BANK PRESIDENT

By W. F. Davis

I WAS the only stock salesman the local Savings and Loan Company had in the first six months of their existence for the simple reason that they were not able to pay a salary for the sale of their stock, only commissions on sales actually made. Of course, I had unlimited territory, but also had much competition from stock salesmen handling other lines. Said competition was the spur that pushed me on. I reasoned that if any one could sell the stock I handled, I was the man. With that bit of egotism in my mind always, I rarely missed a sale.

My first intention on undertaking the sale of the stock I handled was to place a certain amount with every business man in town. I met with great success in placing some with practically all of the merchants. I then notified my boss that I considered a bank teller, cashier, or president, as a business man in the class I had made up my mind to sell, and my intentions were to sell them next. He seemed to think me crazy for he stated that to sell a bank president some capital stock in our company was impossible. Taking it altogether, he was not in favor of my tackling that line of business men.

But I had a mind of my own, and the same morning that the boss cautioned me as to what a foolish idea I had, I marched into the largest bank of the city and asked the teller if the president was in. He nodded in the affirmative, and soon I was ushered into the office of the executive. He greeted me with a gruff, "Good morning, sir," to which I replied in my most cheerful manner.

"Mr. Jones, I am representing the —— County Savings and Loan Company in the sale of its capital stock, and have called on you to interest you and to have you become one of our stockholders."

Ye Gods! Whatever power was holding that gentleman in his chair suddenly gave way as if a spring had been touched. Up he jumped—pulled his hair—called me names—walked to the door—opened it—and told me to get out of there. I walked to the door with thoughts flashing through me whether to tell him what was uppermost in my mind or not. Finally as I was nearly to the door, I turned and said,

"Well, Mr. Jones, you evidently did not sleep any too well last night. I will have to call another day, hoping to find you in a better humor."

I left his establishment rather crestfallen, I must admit, and went over to my office and reported my experience to my boss. He sure had a good laugh at my expense, and said that it served me right; that I would have to live and learn, if I would not listen to older heads. That made me more determined than ever to do what I had planned. A week passed by, during which time all I thought of was selling Mr. Jones. Finally I struck the following plan and put it into execution.

I made out a Stock Certificate for ten shares of capital stock and in bold handwriting wrote the real name of Mr. Smith on it, in its proper place to denote ownership. Also I made out a Certificate of Deposit for one thousand dollars the very same way. With these two so prepared I was again ready to talk to Mr. Jones.

As the teller saw me enter, he began to smile, and asked me if I wanted to see the president. He seemed more than surprised when I told him that I did. On entering this time I did not even get a gruff "Good morning," so I opened fire myself.

I began talking of how business showed signs of picking up in our district, of how new houses were being built, and improvements were being made on those already standing. I then asked him if he realized the prime factor that was responsible for the new houses and improvements, and slowly but strongly made it to bear out that it was the achievements of my company alone. That not arousing a great outburst of indignation, I put out the other foot. I told him that I had him picked as a man interested in the welfare of his

community, and with that in mind, had taken the liberty of making him a stockholder in our company. While saying this I drew the stock certificate out of my pocket and handed it to him.

While he was reading it over I kept on talking all of the time. I told him that no doubt our dividends would not pay him as much in the next two years as would the dividends of his own company, but I convinced him that by getting behind our company he was putting money in his bank indirectly, for when a man borrows money to build, he is likely to make that location his home for some time to come. As this is a mining district, I struck the vital point with that statement. After asking several questions, he paid me Eleven Hundred Dollars for the stock, and One Thousand Dollars for the Certificate of Deposit; nor did he stop at that. Through his influence I landed the three men in his employ in the bank. I left the bank which I was told I could not sell with over Twenty-eight Hundred Dollars for my company.

SOLD THREE AT ONCE

By J. D. Van Etten

I FEEL my "best" sale was the one I made in St. Louis recently, where I had the most thrills, and had to use my very best diplomacy and all the experience I had, to gain the verdict.

I was selling stock in a new mechanical device for dry goods stores, etc., and was calling at one of the very largest and best wholesale dry goods houses in the U. S. I had called upon the buyer in one department, and shown my sample to him. He was greatly interested in it, but said, "No stock for me. I have been bit too many times on things that looked just as good as this." I said, "Well, Mr. ————, that is too bad, as now you pass up the very best thing you ever had a chance to get in on, and which would undoubtedly make ten times all your former losses." He said, "Nothing doing," and to get rid of me, told me to go over to another office and show my machine to Mr. ———— as he had plenty of money, so I went in to see Mr. ————, whom I found to be an extremely bright, sharp, up-to-the-minute gentleman. His associate, another bright young fellow, was also in, hence I had to deal with double wits.

I well knew I was up against a tough proposition, as the least break on my part would cause my downfall, and it would be "good day" for me. Well, I had just about gotten these two greatly interested, when in comes the gentleman that steered me away from him, over to where I now was. Great horrors—here were now three to one, when "fifty-fifty" was a great plenty. Any salesman of experience well knows he may be able to cope with one, but when it comes to two, the task is more than doubled, and when it comes to three to one, is almost unsurmountable.

I knew I was up against one of the toughest propositions of my entire career as salesman, and that it was up to me to display my very best wares so I tightened up my belt of salesmanship another notch, and sailed in to whip the three of them, in an argumentative way.

About the first word my No. 1 man (now No. 3) said, after coming in, was, "Well, what do you think of it, boys?" They said, "We think it about the best thing we ever saw," and he agreed with them, so I lit in to try and get the three of them as nearly hypnotized upon the proposition as possible, and paused a second for effect, when my No. 1 man said, "Well, let's all take a little of this stock." Quick to take my cue, and watching carefully for the least opening to close, I said to Mr. No. 1, "Well, how much do you want," and he replied, "Oh, about half as much as either of these gentlemen take." At this critical moment there came a telephone call for Mr. No. 1, which took him away, so I said to myself, "Good-by for him," and to No. 2, "Well, how much stock do you want," and he replied, "It might be well to think this proposition over a couple of days or so," I disinterestedly said, "All right, if you want to lose the opportunity of getting in on this issue, but remember we are *closing* the issue." He told me to put him down for fifty shares. I soon had his application and check. I then asked No. 3 how many he wanted and he said, "Oh, twenty-five shares." I soon had his application and check. I then extended my hand to each of them and congratulated them in getting in on this valuable issue.

I bade them good day, and went in quest of my man No. 1, and found him where I first met him. His first words were, "Well, how much did they take?" I told him Mr. ———— took fifty shares and Mr. ———— twenty-five shares. He said, "The dickens they did," and as they were all good friends I showed him their signed applications and checks, and asked him how many he wanted. He said, "Well, put me down for fifty shares, too." Well, if I was not amazed; went gunning for one, and got three, and soon had his application and check.

I went back to the office with my three applications, feeling it had not been a bad afternoon's work, as I had never met either of the three gentlemen before, and had three applications where I only hoped for one, and incidentally earned a couple of hundred dollars for myself.

WORKING AGAINST THE WIFE'S WISHES

By S. M. Huffman

IN my "wanderings" selling investments I called on Mr. Blank at his home and met with a skeptical and opposing wife. Those people lost money in an oil deal and were afraid of anything that sounded like an investment. However, I happened to be representing one of the best firms and had about the best proposition to offer that I have ever seen. I am thoroughly sold on my company's idea and being so I could talk it to any prospect with the utmost fervor and force. I did not have much trouble in convincing Mr. Blank that I had the opportunity of his life and he wanted some of it, and did take some of it before I left his house. But his wife—Oh, my! It was amusing, or would have been had she not been so serious. She fought me from start to finish, declaring she would not sign the contract. When I told her she did not have to sign it she *snapped* at me, "I thought you said my name must be on it?" I very calmly informed her that her name must be on the contract but only as a precaution in case of the death of her husband, the dividends would continue to come to her without necessity of court procedure.

In the "qualification" talk given us by the company there is an inducement held out to prospects for future investments in that they are promised an independent income by repeated investments with this company. When I told them that in a year's time I would call on them again with another offer as good as the one I now had, she very promptly informed me, and she meant it, too, that if I ever came back she would take the broom to me. She also told me that I must have her husband hypnotized as never before in all the years of their married life had he ever done anything which she had advised against. After I had gone, so Mr. Blank afterwards told me, she was very angry with him. She later found that they *had* made a most excellent investment and is now more than

pleased with it and when I *do* go back to them for a repeat I will not be received with the broom, but with any money that they may have for a future investment.

Mr. Blank told me that she "did not like the positive way I talked about the investment and the fact that she could not flustrate me." Being so well sold on the idea myself, I could not feel otherwise than that I must sell everyone that I talked to, although I did not make sales to every one to whom I presented the opportunity. I consider the above one of my best sales.

"MORE OR LESS" BROUGHT HOME THE BACON

By Paul Jarvis

DURING an extreme business depression, a salesman, seeking a companion in misery, asked of a fellow-drummer:

"How is business?"

"Fine," replied the latter.

Surprised, the inquirer asked:

"When did you make your last sale?"

"Six months ago."

"Then where do you get that 'fine' stuff—what is your line?"

"I sell suspension bridges."

That reminds me of my first and largest transaction as a cub bond salesman. The lightning struck six weeks after my joining a New York Government Bond house and what I did not know and could not tell about securities generally was an earful for a Coliseum audience. My firm had told me, after a couple of weeks' coaching, that the best way to find out how little I knew was in the university of hard-knocks, and ordered me to hit the long trail from Cleveland to the Twin Cities.

In due course I was reaching for my hat at every corner in the "Windy City" and blew into a large National Bank. It was close to the time for declaring personal property for taxation. The saying that there is nothing certain but death and taxes is subject to modification regarding the latter, as the artful dodger can often side-step the tax-collector. Back in 1903 Government bonds need not be declared and cash-in-bank could therefore be reduced by a purchase. The Cashier of the Bank mentioned asked if we could supply about $660,000 U. S. "Twos." I assured him that the sky was the limit,

and wired New York for terms which were soon received, coupled with the information that their government bond expert was leaving on the fast train to render me any necessary assistance. His arrival in advance of the closing of the transaction would give the moral credit, at least, to the big bear instead of the cub. The Cashier had asked me to 'phone him about 4 P. M. as he had to confer with the Trustees of the Estate whose heavy bank balance was involved. It was then three o'clock. I went to my hotel and spent a year waiting for the minute hand to complete its circle. At three minutes of four, I took down the receiver and had the cashier's ear at the other end of the wire:

"We are holding $660,000 U. S. 'Twos' for you," I said, and listened with bated breath for his reply.

"We shall be unable to decide on the exact amount 'til tomorrow and may want to shop around a little," was his comeback.

I now knew I had a heart, but it had slipped its moorings. The big bear is heading this way at sixty miles an hour—flashed through my mind and with it an inspiration:

"This is a large order, and the demand at this time is heavy. Supposing we make it $660,000 *more or less!*"

"All right, you can confirm on that basis."

"Thank you."

He may have said something additional, but the receiver hit the hook so fast it did not get across. My message to New York crossed the Twentieth Century I don't know where, but when the Mogul thundered into the station the next morning, I was at the train-side and after greeting the Government Bond Expert I remarked as casually as was possible under the circumstances:

"By the way, I closed that deal yesterday afternoon."

Did he bristle-up and scowl at me? He did not. Being a *big* bear, he just hugged his cub.

MY FIFTY-DOLLAR THOUGHT

By L. F. Bogan

IT was the last one of the thirty-one scorchers that made up that Louisiana August—and the sizzlingest one of them all. I mopped my brow and looked again at the big clock. Two-thirty—and still the president was deep in a conference which had lasted since noon. I had an hour and a half in which to secure a few minutes of his time before the bank closed, and with it my opportunity of closing a sale which would put me at the head of the list for August, and bring me a cash prize of fifty dollars.

Early in the summer Mr. Smith had promised me his order for check covers if I would come back in August. It was an order well worth coming after, and now all I needed was to secure his attention long enough to present the order for his signature and the order would be mine—and also the $50.00 prize.

But how to secure even five minutes of that busy man's time? As I watched I felt sorry for him. He was a stout man, and naturally felt the heat greatly. He was mopping great drops of perspiration from his face and bald head, and had tucked a handkerchief under his wilted collar. I saw him glance nervously at a pile of mail which evidently needed attention and by the harassed look on his face I knew he was rushed and tired.

From snatches of conversation that reached me, I gathered that the conference was about to close. I was hot and thirsty and thought longingly of the drug store across the street but I feared to give up my place among the others who were also trying to see Mr. Smith.

Then—my fifty dollar thought!

If I was thirsty, then so, probably, was Mr. Smith. But he had no time for trips to the drug store.

In less time than it takes to tell it I was across the street and had persuaded the boy at the fountain to surrender his position to me for a few minutes.

Selecting the largest glass I saw, I harkened back to the days when the scoop and siphon were implements of my trade—lots of ice, a combination of fresh orange and lemon juice, a dash of syrup, and refreshing carbonated water.

Brimming glass in hand I waited until I saw across the street the men in Mr. Smith's office rise. Then across I went, and when Mr. Smith had shaken the last hand and turned back to his desk I was there, glass in hand.

"Hello, Mr. Smith! Brought you something to cool you off a bit," and I offered him the brimming tinkling glass. Did he hesitate? Who would have, with the mercury 102° in the shade?

While he enjoyed his drink I laid before him the order which he had agreed to sign.

"I know you're rushed, Mr. Smith, but you can glance over that as you drink, and I'd be mighty glad to have your signature before I leave."

I got it all right, and a word of real thanks for my thoughtfulness, and—incidentally—a few days later a letter of thanks, and a check for $50.00 from my company.

REFUSED TO BE TURNED DOWN

By R. J. Pickett

AT the time of the story I was in the typewriter business, and was working in a territory that was filled with my competitor's machines. My company controlled a few large concerns that netted me steady orders, and I secured some orders for single machines, through hard effort, but my work was still undone, or rather, not begun, because I had done nothing to break into that impregnable defense of my competitor. I had done nothing to demoralize him. He was ambling suavely along, gathering in orders, almost without effort, accumulating a handsome business each month—the only requisite being that he keep well enough to walk, and occasionally board a car, so that he could answer his telephone calls with reasonable promptness.

This was fine for the competitor, but not for me. I was getting sick of holding my end up on the evening's entertainment, on a much smaller earning than his. He was a nice, clever fellow, but he was gradually "getting my goat."

One day I suddenly made up my mind that I would take his strongest customer away from him.

Now, here is where the fun begins:

I had made several calls on this concern previously, but merely in a sense of "rounding out" my canvass; but, now that my mind was set to accomplish an idea, I began to plan the best and surest approach on this concern.

I made my plan. I called, and, as usual, I failed to secure the interview, being stopped by the head stenographer. I was enthused, and therefore, would not be deterred. This idea was in my head. I called back a week later, and as luck would have it, the head stenographer was away from her desk. I filed my route among the crowded and ill-assorted desks, in the rather poorly arranged office, to the "high mogul," the

great Mr. Ad Valorem, who hired and fired from a half dozen to so many stenographers each week.

I had my story all ready. I had recited it before the mirror several times, and before he could stop me I greeted him with a smile, and began: "Mr. Ad Valorem, would you welcome a device in your coffee roasting department that would cut the costs of roasting your coffee, and roast it better than your present method? I know you would, because you are a good business man and are keenly alive to the importance of costs in modern business. Now, Mr. Ad Valorem, when you have decided to save money in this department, why not save it in all departments? Why not save it in your office?"

Well, I was suddenly stopped. Mr. Ad Valorem temporarily raised his face from the dictaphone (which, by the way, was his "steady"), and blurted out, "Who are you with?" I smilingly replied, "Mr. A. V., I am with the Blank Typewriter Company." "There is absolutely nothing doing." (Rather vehemently.)

Well, I had expected this, and I was ready; so I stood, and benignly smiled at Mr. A. V. for a full minute, and he finally raised his face from his pet, and—smiled.

"Ye Gods! I have a chance!" was my silent reflection. I smiled in return, and walked out. Then my reflection was, "I have won."

That afternoon I told my manager I would sell this concern ten typewriters (which was a big order in those days), but that I could not possibly make the sale without his cooperation, and the cooperation of the employment department, because the prospect had vowed he would never buy another Blank typewriter. His decision was based on the idea that we had had our chance and had failed. I told the manager that if we made the sale we would break our competitor's back. If we did not make it we would be a self-appointed bunch of quitters.

The manager was an awfully good fellow, and promised he would "go around" the first opportunity he had to get away from his desk. Day after day I was after him, and finally

he made the journey. Well—"Mirabale dictu!"—the two personalities blended—the very thing I had counted upon. He expected to meet a crab, and after he had introduced himself and chatted a few minutes it was very hard for him to break away.

Well, to proceed further, the employment manager was prejudiced against this particular buyer. I won her over by insisting that she 'phone the head stenographer, secure her good graces, and she would never come in contact with the manager.

Well, I am going to curtail a lengthy story by reciting results:

We secured the order for eleven machines. The buyer and our manager became fast friends. The buyer and our employment manager became fast friends. But—although the buyer was satisfied with his purchase, he never gave me the satisfaction of knowing it—only telling the other parties that he could not escape the persistence of that fellow, Pickett, besides lauding the efficiency of our employment department and the sterling qualities of our good manager.

PROVED HIS CASE

By N. Lewsen

I WAS trying to introduce our Forgery Bond to a very stubborn prospect, whom we will call Mr. Jones. After arguments pro and con, Mr. Jones finally agreed with me that our Forgery Bond affords a very good protection and that every Treasurer ought to cover his firm's bank account, at least during the present crime wave. But his firm for years had set aside from its surplus a certain sum of money to take care of all forms of insurance they decided to carry from time to time. The directors believe that it is good business for them to carry their own insurance.

"I thank you, Mr. Lewsen, for convincing me that we need this form of insurance. At the next meeting of the Board I will request the directors to authorize me to set aside twenty-five thousand ($25,000) dollars from our surplus which we happen to have at this time. Of course, I am sorry that you have spent your time for nothing, but you can readily see that since we carry our own insurance, there will be nothing we can do for you."

I replied that I was very glad to find Mr. Jones a careful enough financier to realize that he needs this form of protection. Continuing my conversation, I said: "Of course, Mr. Jones, since you carry your own insurance, I have nothing further to say, except that this form of crime is new and very important at this time. This protection may not be needed in ten years from now, but it is of great importance to you now, today. You may have a loss before you have the directors' meeting, and on the other hand, you may never have a loss. In fact, I am willing to gamble and bet you right now Twenty-Five Thousand good American Dollars, secured by a bond of the world's largest Surety Company, against your check for One Hundred and Twenty-Five Dollars, that no crook will touch your bank account for the next year. If

any crook, in any way, manipulates your check or checks against you for the next year, we will pay any amount up to Twenty-Five Thousand Dollars.''

Mr. Jones, after thinking for a few minutes, exclaimed: ''Mr. Lewsen, you are betting two hundred dollars to one dollar that if we lose you pay?''

''Yes, Mr. Jones.''

''I will go you, for I guess the twenty-five thousand dollars surplus divided into dividend checks will look good to the stockholders. I am glad you have put it in the form of a bet, and since it is a good bet, I am willing to gamble.''

SOLD THEM FAST AS THEY CAME

By J. J. Hoffman

THE room was rather dark when I called on Mrs. Zorick, who lives on the North Side in Pittsburgh, so I couldn't recognize the face of the woman who was calling on her, but I recognized the voice when she said:

"Good morning, Mr. H."

It was a Mrs. Kirk, on whom I had called a few days before, and who had signed a contract which I was holding for a few days for the initial payment.

When I was about half through with the presentation of my proposition to Mrs. Zorick, Mrs. Kirk excused herself and left the house. I hadn't gone very much further when a cry of fire was heard. There was more than the usual excitement when we learned that fire had broken out in the basement in Mrs. Zorick's home. Well, that upset things for awhile, and when the excitement had died away, I proceeded with the interview. A little later Mrs. Zorick was called outside by one of the neighbors, and when she came back I could see that her attitude towards my proposition had completely changed, so I said to her:

"Wasn't that Mrs. Kirk who called you out?"

She said, "Yes."

"What did she tell you about this proposition?"

"She told me under no circumstances to take it."

"Now, isn't that strange? Mrs. Kirk is going to take it and I have her order right here."

I then presented the contract signed by Mrs. Kirk.

"What Mrs. Kirk wants to do is to get ahead of you. She doesn't want you to have it."

Mrs. Zorick said, "Isn't that funny? I am going to take it."

So she signed up but she didn't have money in the house for the initial payment, and while we were discussing plans for making the initial payment Mrs. Zorick's sister called. Her sister said:

"You don't want to take that. You are buying everything that comes along. You are too easy. Anybody can sell you."

So I had to proceed to sell the sister. I went over the proposition with her from beginning to end, and while her sister was not a prospect for our work, inasmuch as she had no children, she was sold to the extent that she was willing to loan Mrs. Zorick money to make the first payment.

I don't think I ever had an interview in which there were so many discouraging features any one of which, if not properly handled, would have been sufficient excuse for giving up and not landing the order.

SHOWING THE MOTHER

By THEODORE BELT

I WAS selling educational courses in Cincinnati, Ohio, and Kentucky cities of Covington and Newport, across the river. A girl interested in a shorthand course wrote to the school for information. The "lead" was sent to me, and so one evening I went across to Covington to the home of the young lady.

She invited me in and after my selling talk was completed, she expressed herself as wanting the course, but as her mother was to pay for it, she would not sign the enrollment blank without the mother's consent. At that I asked to see her mother, but she was over to a neighbor's house. While we were talking, the mother came in and when I told her the daughter wanted the course and what it would mean to the girl, the mother responded in an irritated tone of voice that the girl "didn't know her own mind," that she had been given music lessons and had quit. She had quit school before she had completed the course, and it would be the same with this. "She couldn't stick to anything," said the mother.

I thought I saw an opportunity and as I picked up my hat and overcoat, I turned to the mother and said, "All right, I don't want to enroll such a girl in our school. As you say, she won't stick to it, and a girl never amounts to anything when her mother loses confidence in her."

I walked out of the door, but not too soon to see the mother throw her arms around her daughter's neck and hear her say, "What have I done. Oh! what have I done."

When I went to the office the next afternoon to make my daily report, the office girl stated that a little woman from Covington had handed in an enrollment blank that day made out and signed by her daughter. The tuition was paid in full.

SOLD BY SELLING

By H. A. Pound

SOME time ago, while selling training for a correspondence school, I had occasion to call on a prospect who was working for a firm where all of the other men who chummed together were taking training with a competitive school. I was sure that he was the key-man to break in on, so I sent the best junior I had to call on him, after having gathered all the data I could about him. This junior was a very good man and used all of the information he had in the way he had always used it with success. In this case he tried courtesy, persuasion, shame, and finally abuse, to get his prospect to see the need of our training. He admitted all that the junior said, but did not sign, and the junior came back after several hours of work and reported, "N. G."

I still had a feeling that he was my man, so I went to see him personally, at the place where he worked. He was very polite and talked in a very nice way, but said he was not convinced that the training offered was what he wanted. He was a floor salesman for his firm which, by the way, sold auto accessories, and he wanted to be sure that the training would help him in salesmanship. The course that I was offering was a general business course.

After talking with him for some time, opportunity came my way in the person of a farmer who drove up to the place in a car that you cannot camouflage. It was apparently almost new, but very muddy. There had been no rain in that immediate vicinity for several days, so I knew that he must have driven in for at least ten or more miles. He asked for some auto cleaner, and as Pimley's Auto Newer was the popular brand handled by this firm, my prospect, whom I will call Brown, suggested this and told the man that one can would clean his car. The farmer agreed to take a can and Brown

went to get it. At this point I stepped up to the farmer and said:

"Pardon me, but I am interested here. How far do you drive in to get this cleaner?" He replied:

"About eighteen miles." I then asked if it was not handled by a dealer in his town, and he replied, "No." I then suggested that he take a dozen cans as it did not spoil if unopened and he could get a bit better price. He appreciated the suggestion and so I told Brown to bring a dozen cans, and at the same time, I asked the farmer what he cleaned his car with. He replied, "Old rags." I warned him of the danger of scratching thin varnish beyond repair with a button left on old rags by mistake, and sold him a sponge and chamois. He left the place, after thanking me for my interest, with ten times more than what he had planned to buy.

I then turned to Brown and started a lecture on Salesmanship, when I was interrupted by a man who wanted a flashlight. Brown waited on him and was wrapping up the purchase when I edged over to him and told him to sell the man an extra battery and bulb, as I knew from experience how often a light fails at a vital time. He did so and then we had our chance to talk, and in a very short time I had his application and a check in full for same.

AVOIDED AN ARGUMENT

By HERBERT N. CASSON

I HAVE been selling goods, off and on, for over 40 years—ever since I was 12 years old; and the best sale I ever made took place in England, several years ago.

A firm of engine-builders had written asking me to call. I went. I was shown into a large directors' room and found five directors sitting solemnly around the table.

"Mr. Casson," said the president, "we have sent for you to ask about the nature of your efficiency service. We would like to know if it would be of advantage to our works, etc., etc."

I looked at the five directors and I saw no signs of enthusiasm. I suspected that I had been asked in for an argument, and I saw at once that the odds were 5 to 1 against me.

So, I decided in a flash that there would be no argument. I would take it for granted that they were in earnest. I replied cheerfully—

"YES, I CAN GIVE YOU FRIDAYS."

In ten minutes I was out on the street, with an order for $3,000 worth of Efficiency Service. I had made the sale with *six words*—$500 *a word.*

DIPLOMACY AS AN AID TO SALESMANSHIP

By C. E. MacCanon

I WAS representing a firm of Federal Tax Experts, Washington, D. C., who were, and are, rendering a really valuable and helpful service along those lines. The experience I am about to relate was with the head of a bank of considerable size in one of the larger cities of a southern state.

I had called on and "displayed my wares" to the auditor of the bank, completely selling him on the proposition, but he frankly stated that I would have to sell Mr. Jones (that wasn't his name), the president of the bank, "as he decides all such matters." I learned after the sale was made, not before, that he decides *all matters of whatever kind* connected with the bank, that required any "deciding." That, while there was the usual organization of vice-presidents, cashiers and assistants, tellers, etc., a total of perhaps two or three scores of people, it was in reality a "one-man" bank, the rest of them being simply figureheads.

Mr. Jones was of that arrogant, tyrannical type, who rides roughshod over everyone having the temerity to take the initiative in any way. Particularly was that his attitude in the bank, but to a considerable extent he carried on his domineering methods in his connection with affairs on the outside. I sat in lodge with him later on, and even there, he was "kowtowed" to, to a certain extent.

At my request, Mr. Smith, the auditor (but that wasn't his name either), said he would try to arrange an appointment for me, as Mr. Jones was out just then, but he *would not* agree to recommend the proposition. "I'll tell him I think it's all right, if he asks me," was the best I could get out of him. But he succeeded in making the appointment next day at ten o'clock.

Promptly at ten o'clock "little Willie" was there. Mr. Jones was in his office, but engaged for the minute with an-

other gentleman. Presently, the door opened and the other gentleman came out, followed by Mr. Jones, hat in hand, evidently intending to leave the bank, regardless of his appointment with me. But by this time I had gotten a few ideas as to the type of man I had to deal with, and had no intention of letting him get away from me if I could possibly stop him, realizing that making another appointment would be difficult to accomplish.

As he was following the other gentleman out, it being perfectly apparent that he intended doing so without so much as even asking me to postpone the appointment, I managed to plant myself squarely in his path, so that he had either to run over me or stop. He stopped, and, stepping back a pace or two, deliberately looked me "up one side and down the other," and then, noticing my brief case said, with all the contempt imaginable in his voice, face, and attitude: "Oh! You're that income tax man, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, we've decided we don't want your service," he said in the most insolent tone and with absolute finality, and started to pass as though he considered the "interview" closed. Again I stepped in front of him and said:

"I don't believe I quite understand you, Mr. Jones."

"*I say we've decided we don't want your service, that's all,*" now raising his voice. By both tone and manner, he apparently expected to completely squelch me. But I said with just a trace of a sneer in my voice:

"Oh, you *have?*"

"Yes," very positively.

"Well, Mr. Jones. How did you happen to decide that you don't want my service?"

"*We just decided that we don't want it, that's all.*" By now he was plainly excited and almost shouting, so that the employees of the bank began to "sit up and take notice." Managing to maintain an even tone of voice, although I confess I felt like shouting too, I asked:

"But what do you know about my service, which caused you to decide that you don't want it?"

"Not much, I guess. We just decided that we don't want it."

"Have I had an opportunity to tell you anything about it?"

"No."

"Was Mr. Smith able to tell you enough about it to enable you to decide, on its merits, that this bank doesn't need it?"

"No."

"Well, Mr. Jones, will you please tell me by what process of logical reasoning you decided that you don't want something that you confess you don't know anything about?"

"We talked it over and decided that we don't want it, that's all there is to it."

Well, I thought I might as well "die for an old sheep as a lamb"—didn't have a ghost of a show to sell him as I could see—had "everything to gain and nothing to lose"—so I said, with an assurance that I certainly didn't feel:

"Mr. Jones. It's a habit of mine as an American citizen to stand up for my rights. I don't suppose I have a chance in the world to sell you, in fact, I wouldn't give fifteen cents for my chance, but I'm here on your invitation. You, yourself, appointed the time, ten o'clock this morning, when I should come to your office and lay before you the advantages of our service—to show you just why some of the biggest banks and other corporations in the country are using it. In view of that appointment, I'm here. Therefore, I demand the opportunity to be heard. If then, after you know what my proposition is, you don't want to take advantage of it, all well and good. But, in all justice between man and man, it's only fair to me that you shall hear me."

I expected he'd have me thrown out, but instead he turned, went into his office and slumped into a chair with the air of a whipped puppy. I followed, and after asking me to sit down, he said that he would listen to me. His dominant and

arrogant bearing was gone and in its place was an expression of sneering tolerance. But I had him licked.

Well, I went ahead and carefully laid before him my proposition, taking up the different points deliberately and explaining them as logically as I knew how, and with all the earnest forcefulness at my command. Very soon his expression changed to one of intelligent interest. After I had gone through the proposition, and was simply enlarging upon some of the points, waiting for him to decide, he interrupted me saying, "Wait a minute." He stepped out to consult with the auditor and after a few minutes, returned and said, "We'll take your service, Mr. Smith will fix you up," and turning abruptly, walked out. I left the bank with a check for a full year's service, representing a very attractive commission for me.

I had won for three reasons: First—the sheer audacity of standing my ground and demanding my rights; second—I made him appear ridiculous to himself in the attitude he had taken—"Out of his own mouth he was condemned." Third—while he got excited and very angry, I managed to appear calm, carrying on my part of the dialogue in a firm and even tone of voice.

SIDESTEPPED IMPOSSIBLE PROMISES

By H. W. Ashton

WHILE selling an Industrial Service which was mostly talking points with nothing to show or to prove, I often found it very difficult to meet competition on account of the many verbal promises that many salesmen make of a very doubtful nature.

One firm that I had called on many times and had been refused as often, one day sent me a letter to call and to present my proposition before their Board of Management, which was to consist of the heads of the different departments. On my arrival I was taken into a private room to meet these people, and at once knew that I was to have many difficult questions to answer, which I felt sure I could satisfy. I also knew I would be asked questions and quizzed as to just how much they could get me to offer, based on many wild promises of some of the other salesmen.

The question with me was how to stop them making impossible requests and at the same time to offer a service that would be full and satisfactory to them.

So on taking my place at the head of the table, I stated that I was going into details and explain fully just exactly what our service would do and at the same time I was going to answer all their questions even before they put them by telling them just what we did NOT do.

At the close of my talk, of course no questions were asked, but a vote was taken on the proposition, and my proposition received a favorable vote from all and the business.

GOT DOWN TO "BRASS TACKS"

By L. Smith

SELLING Industrial Efficiency Service is considered a very difficult proposition at the best of times, but selling it in the month of August is hardest of all.

The Service is of such a nature that in presenting it for consideration, you have nothing to show, and simply have to depend on your knowledge of the subject and to get your prospective customer to thinking the same as you do.

Being thoroughly convinced and sold on its merits myself, my only task was to be able to convey the same thought and get responsive action from the prospective customer.

One very hard prospect that I had been calling on, a man that must be shown, continually refused to enter into the proposition, and refused in such a decided way that it seemed to leave no question as to what he meant. He could always bring out many objections and use that attitude of not being interested. But this spurred me on to greater action and seemed to give me added strength, for I made up my mind right there that I must convince and sell this man.

I could reason away everything he objected to—but he would not give his "yes," so I kept calling every few days—and in a way that was pleasant and did not urge too strongly, but just enough to let him see that I felt he was making a mistake in not taking it on.

So one day toward the end of the third week I made up my mind that I had held him safely that long and that I would have to push matters further, or else lose all the good I had accomplished, so I called again and was received in the same pleasant way, and at once opened up with these remarks: "Mr. Blank, I have called a good many times and have appreciated the interviews you have given me, and from what I have seen of you I know you are not a man to pass

up anything that will benefit your business, and I have something that will surely benefit it, so I am going to ask if instead of our discussing the matter in the way that we have in the past, may I suggest that we get down to 'Brass Tacks?' By that I mean that we take up each point in the proposition one at a time and discuss it to a finish, and then if you are not convinced as to the merits and benefits of the proposition, I will be satisfied to admit that my proposition is not what I have believed it to be.''

This idea struck him at once and he seemed glad to take it up in this manner, and I had visions of action at once. Then we discussed each point one at a time very carefully, and I noticed that his objections were getting less and less and losing strength as we went along, but he carefully concealed any feeling of conviction, until at the finish I asked him—''How do you feel on the matter now?'' He gave me one stern look, then laughed and said—''Young man, you thoroughly believe in your proposition, you have also persisted in a most pleasant way, you have also been honest and fair in discussing each point, and you have a thorough knowledge of the subject, and if you are as convinced of a thing that you handle as you have shown by your actions, in coming again and again, without any fear of your proposition, then I am willing to accept your judgment, and admit that the strongest factor in convincing me has been—your own confidence in your proposition, and it has given me confidence not only in you but in your proposition, and I will sign at once.''

NOT TAKING "NO" FOR AN ANSWER

By O. A. Cross

THE best sale I ever made was when I sold my services to one of the best jobbers in my line of business. It happened this way:

I was just through my apprenticeship at "Wood Pattern-making" at the Baldwin Locomotive Works, when I approached my foreman, Mr. W. Parry, and asked him for journeyman's wage. He said, "Of course, I will see that you get it, and you can stay here as long as you please, but if I were in your place, I would travel and gain experience in other shops."

The next morning I thought of what he had told me, so I looked up the "ads" in the morning paper. There was an "ad" in the paper:

"Apply to Cooper Jobbing shop."

Now a jobbing shop is considered the hardest shop to work in as you *must* produce, or out you go. They always pay more than the industrial shops. When I saw the "ad," I said to myself, "Me for Coopers." So I went bright and early and saw Mr. Cooper's foreman.

He wanted to know where I had worked and I told him the B. L. W. Co., and he said, "Where else?" I told him I was just through my apprenticeship. "Well," he said, "I don't think you will do. We want men, not boys."

"Well," I said, "where do you expect to get your men, if you don't give your boys a chance?" That settled it. He said:

"Boy, bring your tools and start work *at once.*" He asked me what wages I wanted and I told him the "best he paid." I started working for him at once, and when pay-day came, he came to me and said he could not pay me very much, and

laid my pay envelope, face down, on my bench. He walked away. You can imagine how I felt. I was ready to quit right off the bat, and when I picked up my pay and looked at it, I nearly dropped dead of heart failure. He had paid me the best.

You can see what that meant for me, just starting on my career. I consider this the best sale I ever made. I forgot to say I was the last man in the shop to go, out of an average of twenty men. I was kept until all his work was finished—about five months. I have always, therefore, taken my old foreman's advice, "Travel and gain experience, and make new friends and acquaintances."

SOLD HIMSELF

By M. Robb

WHEN the going becomes discouraging, we often need only confidence in the line and a true inspiration to help us bring home the Beech-Nut. Well, I had several inspirations—my wife, a sixteen months' old boy, a four days' old baby, and necessity in the form of a depleted cash fund. A position must be had.

An "ad" came to my attention, one calling for a man to fill an advertising and sales position. My application was received among sixty others. It brought an interview with a resulting: "We can't decide now, there are many others to be considered. You'll hear from us later."

I couldn't wait, I had to land that position and land it quickly. My prospective employer was a manufacturer of biscuits, whose line, properly priced, was known in his territory as supreme in true excellence. While visiting my wife at the hospital, I noted a nurse bringing in soup and crackers. It gave me the idea of helping my cause with follow-up letter No. 1 which called attention to the many patients in Milwaukee hospitals who received soup and crackers daily. Whose crackers? Might I help to put Mr. X's crackers on those plates? And, why not good cookies here also, for cakes and pies are forbidden? Let me help to cash in on these possibilities for Mr. X's line.

Follow-up No. 1 brought results in the form of an interview with Mr. X on whom the letter had made a good impression, for no other applicant had done more than call or write a letter of application. But Mr. X was sorry that I was not a University graduate for he had decided that he must have a "U" man. (Of course, I couldn't become a "U" man overnight. His objection had to be met and removed if the sale was to be made.)

I asked Mr. X how he'd get a strong man if he wished to hire one. Mr. X hadn't given it thought. I suggested that he could hire a gymnast or a blacksmith. One was school trained, the other experience trained. Mr. X agreed that the blacksmith would be the better choice because he could stand the strain, being strong from actual work.

"Then," I said, "why not use me, I'm the blacksmith, I'll meet your requirements because my experience has made me qualified." But Mr. X wouldn't see it that way, he said that he wanted a "U" man. He'd bear me in mind.

That evening waiting at the club for hospital visiting hours, I noticed how many bought candy for light lunch. This suggested follow-up letter No. 2, setting forth the prospective customers if Mr. X's sales department would replace some of this candy with his excellent real chocolate cookies. Raisins at 5 cents were selling, surely superior cookies would go big here, and also crackers for those who bought soup. Might I prove the worth of my suggestions?

Follow-up letter No. 2 brought a reply that applications had been eliminated down to three survivors, of whom I was one. The telling sales argument was needed, the time had come for real initiative and ability. Following letter No. 3 supplied the punch by removing Mr. X's only argument against taking me on. He had said that he could not afford to gamble—then I must remove the gamble. Letter No. 3 asked Mr. X to take me on as a clerk at a clerk's salary and at the same time hire his "U" man for the position. Surely I'd earn a clerk salary and the "U" man would be holding down the position. (The gamble was gone.) At the end of a year Mr. X was to decide who was worth most to him.

It took real confidence "in the line" to mail that letter. What if Mr. X took me as a clerk only, how would I take care of my family without a reserve cash fund?

But, follow-up letter No. 3 won the sale for me. A phone call, asking me to call, greeted me early on the morning of the third day following the mailing of No. 3. Mr. X called me in, shook hands and said: "Robb, you win. I surely

hope you'll sell for me as you have sold yourself. And, pass that spirit on to the men.''

That's all, the Beech-Nut had come home because I had followed the game through. And believe me, Mr. X was by no means an easy nut to crack.

DRAMATIZED A SITUATION

By E. W. Branson

I MADE my greatest sale while engaged in selling sewing machines in a retail way. In one locality our company had a man on the job who invariably had prospects on his list whom he couldn't seem to close an order with. Eventually the sales manager decided to give the salesman aid with these prospects and elected to choose me. Under these conditions I naturally determined to exert every effort to make a large percentage of sales.

The first call offered the opportunity for the best sale. A well-to-do farmer, a hardworking, tight-fisted chap of about fifty-five, was the prospective customer. His wife, a wan-appearing little body, strived in the fields from early spring until late autumn to help the husband reduce his labor pay-roll, did her housework and gave the necessary attention to five young children in addition. During the winter months, whilst the husband would sit before the fireplace and rest easily a greater part of the time, she would sew by hand, making all the clothes worn by the children, even to the boys' suits.

I was impressed as the salesman related the facts to me, but it was nothing compared to how I felt when I faced the actual conditions. The man was not in the house when we arrived and I soon learned from the little woman her burning desire to have a sewing machine, her willingness to pay half the cost of the machine with the proceeds of a sale of eleven geese she had made recently, if her husband could be persuaded to furnish the balance.

When he came in I explained the exclusive features which our machine possessed, gave an actual demonstration (we carried a machine at all times), showed him whereby the wife could do the sewing so much easier and quicker, and—refused to bid him a gentle farewell when he would angrily

declare they didn't want a machine. Instead I would explain again features I had not elaborated on fully, only to receive the same gruff answer each time. This continued for about two hours and a half, when suddenly I concluded that far different tactics had to be adopted. With the decision I plunged in, inspired by the pleading countenance of the little woman who had not dared offer a single word of conversation since the husband had appeared.

I made bold to tell him his life's story as I had heard it, defying him to deny it, declaring brazenly that he should be ashamed of himself. Under the pressure he raved and stormed, attempting to cover his shortcomings with bluster, and ordered me from the house whenever he could squeeze a word in. I only fought the harder. I pleaded, tried to appeal to his finer side, pointed dramatically at the children as I pictured to him the amount of stitches necessary to clothe them, and for those few moments at least endeavored gamely to play a fair second to John Drew. Finally I hesitated, questioning the outcome.

As I did so I glimpsed a check book lying upon the table. I grasped it, wrote a check to my concern for the price of the machine, handed it and my fountain pen to the man and demanded that he sign it, and the machine on display was theirs. Sullenly he slowly took the pen and signed the check as the delighted woman disappeared and returned with the money she had saved. As I took the check I shoved the money back toward her and remarked casually that the check was for the full amount. As the truth dawned on the husband, I stared squarely at him and said, "The Mrs. gets a new dress with that money and when I call again I want to see the dress as proof that my plans didn't go astray. Good-day and good luck."

As we drove away I experienced the greatest feeling ever. I had sold a "tough" customer our product, but of this I honestly wasn't thinking; rather, came a vision of a motherly face joyfully alight as I had closed the door. I had sold an order of happiness.

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER

By E. A. Hall

AS a service representative for the ———— Storage Battery Company, it is my job to establish service stations in localities where from two to five thousand cars are registered.

It is not an easy matter to convince a man who sells a well-known battery exclusively that he should change his whole business to a new proposition. However, having been a practical battery man, I, perhaps, have an advantage over a battery salesman whose knowledge of batteries is more or less academic.

There were two stations handling the same make of battery located within half a mile of each other, one of which I wished to sell. I traveled back and forth between these two stations, trying to make them both see the advantages of my proposition. I made it a point to present the strong points of our product which I knew were in direct contrast to my competitor's.

However, their battery was listed at a cheaper price and they worked under a larger discount than I could offer. I gained the confidence of one of these men, who told me that, although he was thoroughly sold on my proposition, yet he was planning to enter another business and had a prospective purchaser for his station. He promised to get in touch with me when he sold the place.

In about two weeks' time the station passed into the hands of a "Canny Scotchman," a man whose emotions were hard to arouse—a "facts and figures" man who kept no loose change in his pocket. After giving him full details, he said that he would discuss the matter with his wife and asked that I meet them in the store after working hours. I did so but could not bring him to a decision. He wanted to think it over more carefully.

In a few days I returned and found him struggling with several customers who wanted their batteries tested. I took off my coat and "turned to." I opened a battery which showed on test that one cell was low, and explained the circumstances to the car owner. Feeling reasonably certain that the car owner wanted one of my batteries, I called in the prospect and let him close the sale. He was visibly pleased over his sale for he had little difficulty in selling the car owner one of my batteries.

He then signed the contract and gave me a nice order for batteries.

MADE DRAMATICS PAY

By A. M. Prevost

I HAPPENED to be at the head of a sales force of a concern which handled automobiles and trucks. Several years before I had sort of pioneered the line in a newly settled country which still comprised a good part of our territory. It was a busy morning and I was kept on the jump appraising cars and helping the salesmen. The office girl came out and announced that a man and his wife were waiting in the office to see me, and would talk to no one else.

When I got time to investigate I found that they were neighbors of a man to whom I had sold a car several years before, and that they were in the market for a truck of the same make.

We were at that time handling two lines. One was considered a fast truck, and the other was slower. The latter was the one the man had settled upon, so I showed it to him, and was tickled to death to do so for it was the only thing we had had in months that didn't sell. I had looked it in the face every night and morning for eleven months when I checked up the stock, and now the prospect of bidding it farewell elated me.

But I soon found that the woman was going to have something to say. She wanted to ride in the fast truck, and I of course couldn't refuse her the privilege. When we returned she was loud in her praise of it and said that it rode like a touring car.

Then the trouble started. He was determined to have the one of his choice, and she was just as determined to have hers, and for thirty minutes they stood there arguing the points of the two machines in a very creditable manner for amateurs. And to make the thing more complicated they—as I am told husbands and wives often do—got "spunky" at each other.

I saw that something must be done, so I got them into the office. I gave the man a good cigar, and stole the stenographer's candy—she always had a supply on hand—and gave it to the woman and her little boy.

We forgot about trucks and began to talk of their neighbors whom I had known in those other years, and finally I decided that the time had arrived to make a sale or lose it.

Taking upon myself the most solemn air I knew—and it was really a solemn moment for me—I told them how I had once been called a "Dry lander" because I chose to work out in their territory, and how I had come to love their plains. I complained about having to live in town, and drew a picture of how happy I would be if I had a homestead and a good little wife to help me. I knew I would never know real happiness until I had a wife and a home and children. I told the man that the greatest blessing known to man was that of being a father, and I told the woman that woman's God-given heritage was that of motherhood.

Then very cautiously I eased over into the truck question, and using the figures the man had given me—as nearly as I could from memory—I tried to show them what they could do. It meant a new house for their homestead, I pointed out, and that meant home. That word HOME, I told them, was the greatest in all the English language, and as best I could I read them the following little poem.

"A house is built of bricks and stones, of sills and posts and piers,
A home is built of loving deeds that last a thousand years.

The men of earth build houses, roofs and chambers, halls and domes,
But the women of earth, God bless them, the women build the homes."

Tears were very near the surface—as they say—when I finished, and turned to the woman. "It is your husband's duty to build the house, Mrs. So and So, and it is your duty to make it a home, and I know of no better way for him to carry

out his part of that sacred obligation than the way he has outlined.

With her little handkerchief the woman dabbed at her eyes, and gave her consent for the man to take his choice. And the man, the hard-hearted rascal, looked across the desk at me and winked.

I wrote the order, and they both signed it and gave me a check, and to this day, when I meet the lady, she wants to shake hands with me and looks at me as if I were a minister.

The man built the house, and I have every reason to believe the woman is trying to make it a HOME, and I have learned that the pulpit is not the only place from which to preach a gospel that will lead folks into the right way.

REPARTEE AND NERVE

By C. D. Holcomb

THIS happened in an Oklahoma town some time ago. I was salesman and special demonstrator for the Hoover Suction Sweeper Company, North Canton, Ohio, and with whom I am still connected.

There was a certain street in this particular town of about three blocks in length, and as I would judge, was inhabited with second class people. We were advertising a free home demonstration and trial. A woman residing on this street called up and asked that a demonstrator from our company be sent out to her home and give a demonstration of our vacuum sweeper as was advertised.

It happened that I was sent out from our dealer's store (electrical) to give her a demonstration of our machine. I left the Hoover at her home and called back the next day to make the sale. However, I could not sell her even though her rugs were clean and looked very good. It seemed almost impossible to make the sale as her rugs were worth only about $50 and the vacuum sweeper was selling at $65. She frankly admitted that she could not afford the Hoover, and realizing that it would be poor salesmanship and unfair to the prospect to make this sale, I took the machine and went back to the store.

That afternoon, our store received another call for a free demonstration from another housewife on this same street. I was again sent out to give the demonstration of our machine and found that the circumstances were identical in both cases. We received many calls from this small section of the town and found that the women were simply having these demonstrations made to have their rugs cleaned free of cost, and I played the game willingly and was a good loser.

However, from among all these calls, one was received from

a woman with an overabundance of avoirdupois, and after making the usual demonstration I said:

"Mrs. Blank, if you are really thinking of buying a sweeper, and after this demonstration, you are interested in a Hoover, I am very willing to let you try this machine out for several days longer to erase any doubt which there may be in your mind."

"No," replied Mrs. Blank. "I want the Hoover but my husband would have to see this machine before I could buy it."

I assured her that that was satisfactory with me and asked her at what time her husband would be at home. She informed me about 1 o'clock, but that I had better not come back until about 2 P. M. I thought perhaps that it would be better to leave the machine with her and let her use it. She would then be more acquainted with the mechanism—and above all—she would sell her husband on the idea of how necessary it was to her. However, I impressed upon her mind that if her husband insisted it was too much money, she should call me up and I would come to her aid.

Returning to the store, I told the fellows that if I ever got a start on that street I was certainly going to make a "grand clean up." They laughed and told me that I was simply killing time to try and work that street, as the women were simply using the demonstration as a means of getting their spring house-cleaning done. However, I was game and felt that there was more to it than what they said.

Soon after I returned to the store, one of the men who occasionally helped out, came back from his lunch, and it happened that this young fellow lived on the street where I was doing all this "free house cleaning." He immediately came to me and said:

"Why, that Mrs. Blank can't buy a sweeper—she is simply working you and just now I saw her going across the street with the machine to clean her neighbors' rugs."

Well, that was the last straw for me. I didn't mind Mrs. Blank doing her cleaning, but I did hate to have her loan it

to the whole neighborhood, so I got into my car and went straight out to her house. I knocked on the door and as she came out I said:

"Mrs. Blank, has your husband come home yet?" She replied that he had not. I then proceeded to tell her that I did not mind how much she used the sweeper, but that I wished she would not loan it to any one else. I reminded her of the fact that the sweeper had been adjusted for her rugs and that the party to whom she loaned it might not be familiar in the way the Hoover was operated.

I again returned to the store and almost as I entered it the phone rang. It was Mrs. Blank calling me to come and get the machine, and she was especially desirous that I come and get it before her husband came home. When I reached her house she threw a fit of anger and had as a very able assistant a little thin, elderly woman who was holding the Hoover. She was the one who had borrowed the machine. Well, they got me in a corner and there I was. I could not get a word in edgeways—and I didn't try. There they kept me for thirty minutes, and not wanting to get the reputation of being a woman fighter, I remained perfectly still during all that time. The conversation of the two women went something like this:

Mrs. Blank: "I wouldn't have that old cleaner now if you gave it to me. I know who told you that he saw me take it across the street. The old rascal, but he can't fool me. I'll show him how to mind his own business and let other folks alone. I'll show him. He knocked the store he works for out of this sale."

Elderly woman: "Yes, the brute. He is so poor he can't buy anything. We wouldn't hurt the old cleaner just trying it on my rugs. They are better rugs than he can ever buy and he is just jealous because Mrs. Blank is about to buy the sweeper and he can't get one for his wife. That's all there is to it."

Mrs. Blank: "Yes. That's the truth, and if I could just keep this man here until my husband comes home, he would throw him out in the street and break his old cleaner in a thousand pieces. I'll show that old meddler next door that

he hasn't any business butting in my affairs at all. I did intend to buy the sweeper but I'll not have the old thing even as a gift now. I wouldn't have a thing that comes from the store that that old meddler works for. Any way, that store is the highest priced one in town. Why, ———— store offered to sell me anything I wanted. I'll just call them up to send me out a different make."

Elderly woman: "That's just what I'd do too, Mrs. Blank." And on they went. I pulled out my watch and it was about three minutes before one. I was sure it was about time for me to get out of there so I took the Hoover Suction Sweeper and began to edge my way toward the door. Finally, I got out and all the time they were raving on.

Just as I went to go down the front steps I said, raising my hand: "Why, that's all right, Mrs. Blank. You don't have to purchase this machine, you haven't hurt it in any way. But listen, Mrs. Blank, if you let me take this Hoover back to the store, you will just prove to the 'meddler' that he was right—that you did not intend to buy and that you *could not.*"

"Well," she said. "I'll show him *I can* buy it," and she rushed to her purse and paid cash for it—every dollar. However, during the time she was counting her money and handing it to me she kept saying:

"I'll show him whether I can buy it or not."

I sold more than a dozen machines on that street after that.

BOTANY AND VACUUM CLEANERS

By F. D. Colvin

A FEW months ago I was connected with a concern selling vacuum cleaners via the house-to-house route. To anyone who has tackled this kind of a proposition I do not need to say that the salesman has to use all his powers of persuasion, because they know just what I mean. There was a crew of us working a town of about eight or nine thousand population and times became very dull. I decided to try my luck in one of the small towns near there and fared forth, vacuum cleaner under my arm.

I did not have any luck the first two days I was there. I began to run short of cash and then firmly decided that I would sell a cleaner or "know the reason why." Perhaps I had called at thirty or thirty-five houses and failed to even interest them. Thoroughly disgusted, I decided that the case was hopeless. When I was debating as to whether I should try again or go back to town, I noticed a neat little cottage a few doors ahead and decided to try there. I approached the house and this is the reception I received:

I had no more than reached the gate than I heard a voice stating that "I don't want to buy anything." Paying no attention, I went inside the yard and walked up on the front porch. An old lady was sitting there knitting. She asked me if I was hard of hearing and upon finding that I was not she seemed to be surprised and wanted to know why I didn't pass on by. I started talking about my cleaner but she insisted that she didn't want to buy one. I offered to clean her rugs, mattresses and in fact nearly included the whole house. Still she was not interested. As a last resort to get rid of me, she would not talk. I kept on spieling, however, and told her the usual line about sanitation, work saving, etc., etc.

After a short time she sprang to her feet and ordered me out of her yard. I guess that put the fixings to me because I turned and walked away. When I had nearly reached the gate, a happy idea struck me. I saw that the hedge and flowers in the yard were well attended. That was all I needed. I turned and walked back to the porch and inquired as to the variety of hedge which was growing on her place. Her face became wreathed in smiles and she began telling me of her hedge and flowers. I talked with her for some time about shrubbery in general. She proved to be well versed. I learned from her that she was especially proud of her yard and grounds. After about an hour's visit I started to leave and as an after-thought asked her if she wouldn't like to see our cleaner. I told her that her house should compare with her yard in cleanliness and order. She permitted me to show her my machine and when I put the suction to some of her 19th century plush furniture, I saw she was nearly sold. She made a remark about feather beds and that was her undoing. I showed her how to transfer feathers, using pieces of paper, from one tick to another. That sold the machine. She never said another word.

Within two minutes I had a check for $62.50 as cash payment. Ninety per cent of our machines were sold on the installment plan. I was especially proud of that sale because I certainly had to use my wits and scour my brains for bits of school-gotten botany. If I hadn't noticed her yard and taken advantage of that, I would have lost the sale. As I left her house I heard the customer 'phoning her daughter that she had just bought a vacuum cleaner from the "nicest young man."

After inquiring around next morning I sold her daughter one upon her mother's recommendation.

DEMONSTRATION OVERCOMES OBJECTION

By J. F. Sullivan

FOR one year I worked in a Retail Household Department Store as a salesman, selling everything from tea strainers to washing-machines, vacuum cleaners and stoves. In connection with our retail department, we also had a wholesale division.

About a year ago the General Manager called me into his office and told me he had something to say to me. He said to me: "We do a big wholesale business in all our lines of merchandise throughout the state, except electric washers, vacuum cleaners and stoves. You seem to understand this business and we want you to sell these commodities throughout the state."

I was greatly surprised at the proposition, knowing it to be a big job selling to dealers in different towns. It took me but a few minutes to decide as he waited for the answer. Now to sell these articles it was necessary to show the dealer the machine and what it would do; so to get the business, the firm bought a one-ton Ford truck and put four different types of washers on it for samples. I sat up nights reading and thinking what I was to say and how I was to sell, for all eyes were upon me.

The day I left, I was up at daylight and it never rained as hard since the flood. On the truck, and off I went. To make my first town I had a seventy-five mile drive and landed there at noon. I drove up in front of the largest store in town. At first I did not know whether to take a catalogue or a washing machine with me. A buyer received me more in a curious way to find out what I had in such a traveling truck. When he learned it was electric washers, that ended it.

"Don't want any—not interested." With hands in the air he said: "Everyone in town is selling them. They are

out only a week when the gears break and that means trouble and service. You are losing a lot of time with me."

While we were talking a customer came into the store and purchased some sugar. Having the side curtain of the truck up, she saw the copper tub and remarked that she was going to buy a washing machine, but it had to be the very best. I soon got talking to the customer and asked the dealer if I could take a washer into the store and show it to the customer. With an inward smile he said: "Yes."

In a few minutes I was demonstrating the washer, and made a cash sale of $180.00, less 30 per cent for Mr. Dealer.

After the customer left, and in a short time, I convinced Mr. Dealer that the washing machine business was a profitable one, and this washer was the best on the market, and asked if there were any other customers who might be interested. He immediately called a man on the phone and another sale was made. I left Mr. Dealer after he had given me an order for six washing machines.

This I consider one of the Best Sales I ever made and one of the greatest lessons I ever learned. "Help the dealer to sell your merchandise."

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